

NATIONAL

LAMPPOON®

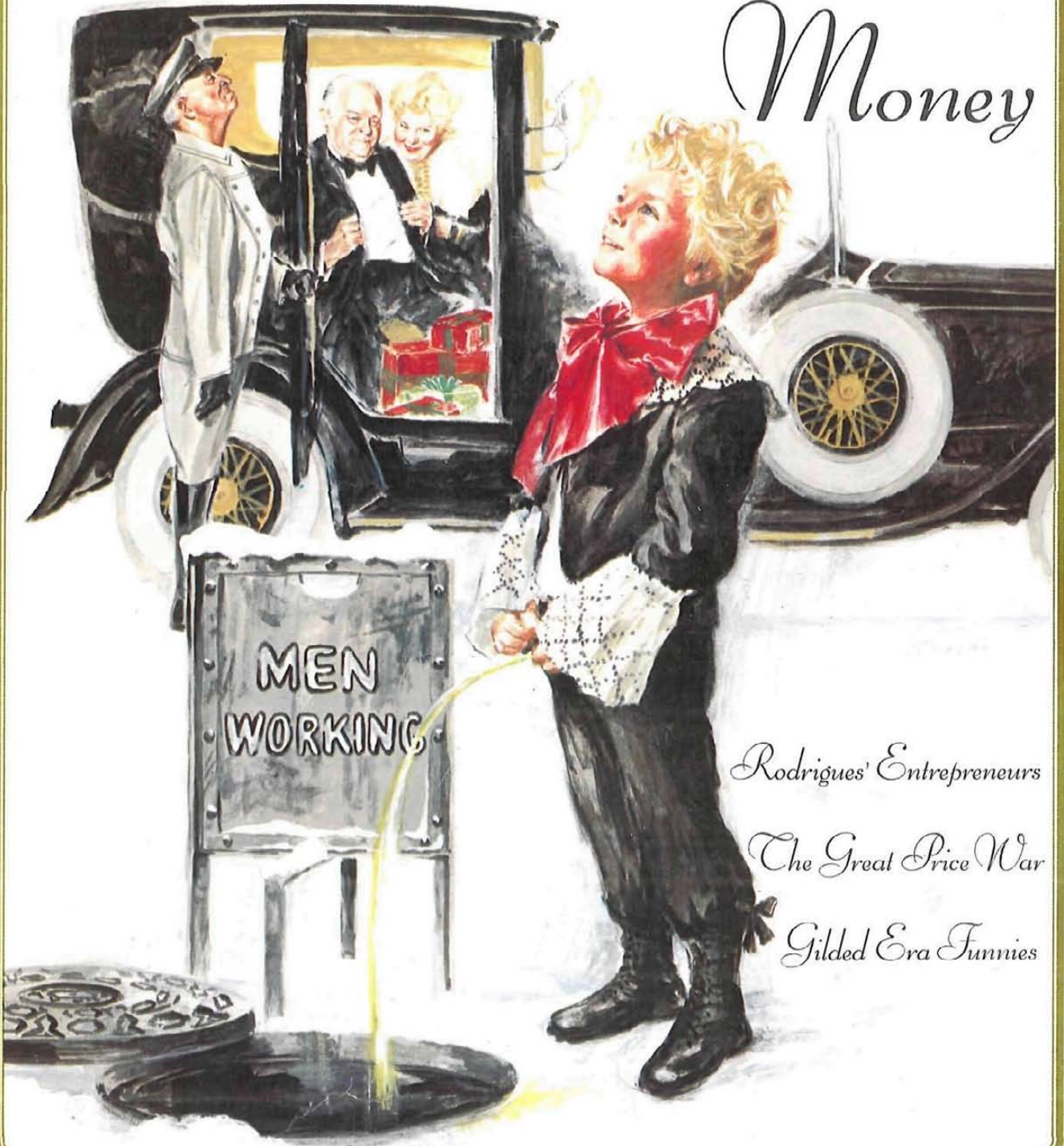
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34490

December, Nineteen hundred and seventy-five

The Humor Magazine

Price: One Dollar

Money



Rodrigues' Entrepreneurs

The Great Price War

Gilded Era Funnies

Presenting Long Johns: One size fits all.



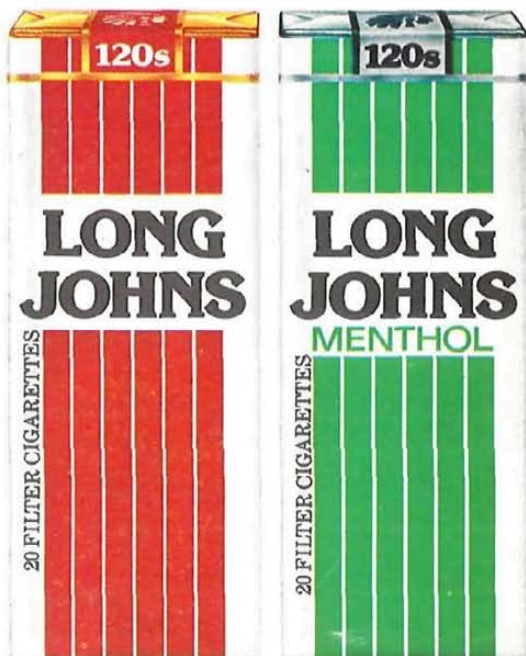
120s

If you think that 120 mm is too far for flavor to travel in a cigarette, Long Johns will change your mind. Light one up. Ahhh, love at first puff.

And there are plenty of extra puffs where that came from.

Extra puffs.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Menthol: 19 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The secrets of the Earth[®] shoe.

When the Earth[®] shoe was first invented, an uproar began. The heel was lower than the toe! For years people talked about it, wrote about it, stared at it, tried it, and finally came to love it.

And of course, many, many shoe companies tried to copy it.

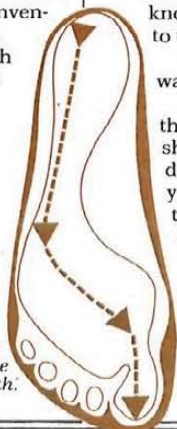
But all they knew about was our heel. Nobody knew about the rest of the Earth[®] shoe, which is every bit as remarkable as our heel.

Nobody knew our secrets. Yet, all along, those secrets have been doing incredible, positive things for you.

The better you walk the easier it is.

Inside every Earth brand shoe is a brilliant invention. The Earth sole. An invention that guides you, inch by inch, through a unique experience which we call 'pure walking.' A path of motion designed to balance, focus and concentrate your own natural forces so that you will walk, perhaps for the first time, with continuous, comfortable easy power.

The Earth shoe 'power path'.



The theory of 'pure walking.'

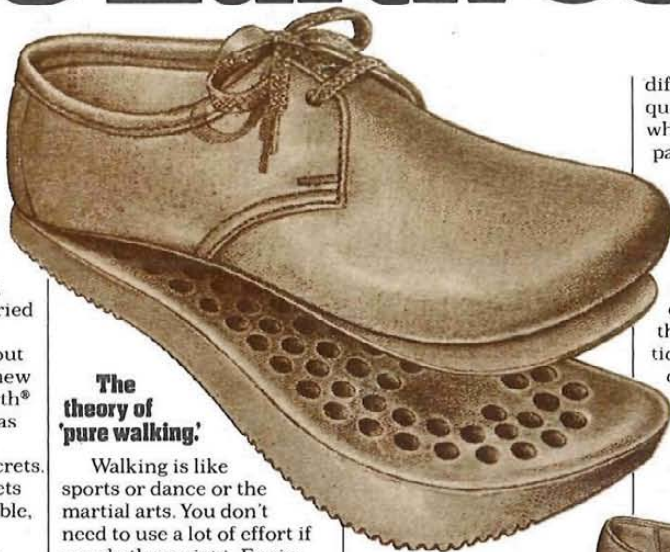
Walking is like sports or dance or the martial arts. You don't need to use a lot of effort if you do them right. For instance, you can hit a tennis ball perfectly using practically no force, if your form is right and you know which muscles to use.

The same is true of walking.

And that's what the Earth brand shoe is designed to do. To choreograph your walk, to concentrate your power, to focus your movement into an efficient, comfortable, easy, powerful way to walk.

The 'power path' of the Earth sole.

The Earth brand shoe is precisely calculated and constructed. It shifts your weight in a carefully plotted path, rolling from the lowered heel to the outside of your foot, across the ball of your foot, and ending with the big toe.



differences... can function quite differently. That is why the Earth[®] shoe is patented under the U.S. patent number 3305947. There is only one Earth[®] shoe. And although it comes in many, many styles from sandals to oxfords to hiking boots to dress shoes to sports shoes, they are all the most revolutionary, sophisticated and comfortable shoe ever designed.

The EARTH brand shoe comes in styles for men and women. From \$23.50 to \$49.50. Prices slightly higher in the West.

This 'power path' was designed by Anne Kalsø after years of study and experimentation.

When you walk in the Earth[®] shoe, you will feel and understand why this path of motion is so special, so powerful, so effective.

Only the Earth shoe has the Earth sole.

Our secrets work too perfectly, too carefully, too powerfully to be tampered with. After all, balancing our shoe is a delicate and intricate process. And the difference between easy, smooth, powerful walking and difficult walking could be only a fraction of an inch.

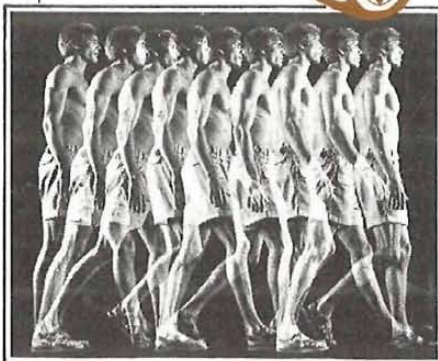
So we should warn you against imitations. Not only is the Earth brand shoe the original negative heel shoe, but it took years to develop and perfect. And the slightest change... a copy with what seems to be small



"EARTH is the registered trademark of Kalsø Systemet, Inc. for its negative heel shoes and other products.
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Anne Kalsø.
Inventor of the EARTH negative heel shoe.



You can only buy the Earth[®] shoe at Earth Shoe Stores. For store near you, call toll free 800-327-8912. In Florida, 800-432-5024. Or write for mail-order brochure, Earth Shoe, Dept. MO, 251 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

MEMORANDUM

DATE: October 14, 1975
Re: My memo of August 23, 1975

TO: CONCERNED
FROM: Matty Simmons

I noted with great interest the publishing of my memorandum on the editorial page of the November, 1975 issue. The humor of such republication escapes me. Meanwhile, we're still late, still missing deadlines, and still paying overtime for printers who are playing Gin Rummy when they should be printing our magazine.

I don't know what the hell is so funny about reprinting a memo and do not expect to see a repetition of this! If Messrs. Hendra or Kelly will please explain the joke to me, I would welcome said explanation with delight. Incidentally, has anyone seen McConnachie and Kenney lately?

When last seen, McConnachie was supposedly working on a special edition called "The Hollywood Years," but I was told yesterday that he was seen in Central Park playing in a girl's volleyball game against Cosmopolitan.

Kenney is supposedly editing the January issue, but I understand that he is somewhere in Mexico with O'Rourke who is supposed to be seeing to it that Kenney gets the issue out on time.

I have also noticed that John Weidman has not been around lately. Is it true that he is currently working on a Broadway musical comedy about the bombing of Hiroshima?

Is Sussman the only one I can depend on these days?!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

P.S. Where the hell is Beard??

Small Note at End of Editorial

Here are the credits we forgot in November. For their skillfully rendered "Nose to the Grindstone," thanks to Arky and Barrett and Carol Jean. For the tastefully shot "Kelly Girls," thank you, Ronald G. Harris. For his masterful, execution of Wally Worker, bless you, Leslie Carbarga. □

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December 1975

Vol. I, No. 69

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Andy Warhol's unfinished symphony.

We asked Andy Warhol to paint a picture of a Pioneer high fidelity receiver. He can't seem to finish. He says he gets so wrapped up in the beautiful sound of the subject that he can't concentrate on the way it looks.

Andy is a great artist, filmmaker and journalist. And he's a man who appreciates great music. He knows you can't have great music unless you have great equipment.

That's why he owns Pioneer. As far as the portrait goes, he has our unfinished sympathy. U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007 Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

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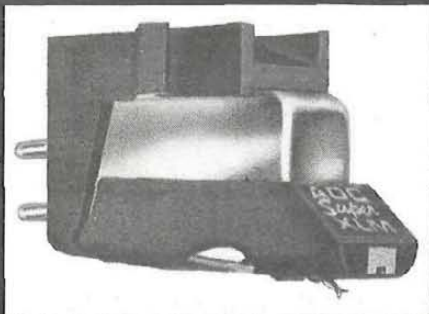
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Shattering piano from Rude Awakening, Neb.!!! TV pigflick star Telly Savalas has a headache. "It's right here," says Telly, pointing with his thumb and middle finger to just left of his glabella. Telly is refusing all drugs and medication for his affliction, in accordance with moral and religious scruples. "I want to see it through as I think God intended," continues Telly wanly. "I want to be as fully conscious as I can be until it's all over. After all, what is my suffering in comparison with so many?" Doctors and nurses are in twenty-four-hour attendance on the star, and personal friends have left instructions to be called "no matter what time of the day or night." "He is an inspiration to millions," says famed sculptor Henry Moore, whom Birdbath discovered heating kettles of water in the kitchen. Poet Robert Lowell, in perfect antistrophe, advises: "Please send no flowers, but prayers—hey-hey—and contributions to your favorite charity, which is The Telly Savalas Megrimicide Fund, Anile, California." Lowell was packing Telly's brocade suits for The Good Will.

Surprising tuba from Fatty Arbuckle, Ga.!!! Alice Crimmins will be teaching Freshman Comp at Harvard come spring. The well-known university has oft hosted the wayward and winsome, Dolores Gray was teaching a course in how to make toast until recently, and Dame Peggy Ashcroft was doing work in biting off mice tails to test their protein content—a previously unregarded source of nourishment, like sprouts. (They must be eaten fresh.) Ms. Crimmins did her undergraduate work under Kenneth Burke at the University of Chicago, a highly gratifying experience for both participants. K.B. smiles at the remembrance to this day. See. Watch him. There he goes: smiling again. Cut that out, Ken, and wipe the chalk dust off your sleeve, whaddaya think this is?

Flabbergastering clavicitherium from Crime, Wash!!! "They're all better than I am. Every one of them. And I feel just terrible." Thus, Elton John rending his handpainted Larry Rivers shirt and stamping his handpainted Andy Warhol shoes.

continued on page 12

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**George Carlin. "An Evening With
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Vice-President

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And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get More going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

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They're More.

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The first 120mm cigarette.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

“Toscanini. He was better. And John McCormack. He was. And Beethoven. He. And Bach. I hate him. And Mozart. He was lots better. Oh, I just cry all the time, and I wanna die. It’s all no good. Futile. And nobody’s any help. I just wanna lie down and sleep, forever and forever. In these Rauschenberg hand-painted shorty pajamas of mine. Ain’t they the its? Kiss me.”

☛ **Joyce Carol** (*The Poisoned Kiss*) Oates has had all her teeth filed down to tiny little points like the teeth of a crosscut saw. She is gnawing on wood these days, fir larch, and deodar. She is said to look very pretty doing it, and, of course, it is perfect for grinding out pulp.

☛ **Colossal tom-tom** from Maunder, Okla.!!! **David Niven** and **Martha Raye** are to be married, thus uniting the star with the largest mouth in the world with the star with the smallest. Indeed, his mouth is so much smaller than hers that all he can do is lean in and kiss her tonsils. To kiss her on the lips would be as reckless as phoning for a pizza in Mississippi to be delivered from Idaho. But they’re very fond of one another and constantly tugging one another’s forelocks, and giving one another Charley horses, and playing Frisbee. Bless you, you sweet kids,

you!

☛ **Glorious sweet potato whistle** from Eighty, Alaska!! **Beverly Johnson**, top model, and black, is the daughter of **Ernest Hemingway**. Remember that unfortunate crash in Africa . . . and then that other unfortunate crash . . . and Papa boasting how he had sired a get on some Jungle Jane in a mud hut? Perfect. Beverly’s the brat. At least so she says, and we believe her, we do, we do. As to **Margaux Hemingway**, top model out of Paris, “she’s a friggin’ fraud,” says Bev. “Hemingway never grandpapa’d her. Her father wasn’t Hemingway’s son. He was a spinoff of **Jack Buchanan**. And I’m the best model in the world, not her. I’m also the highest paid. I’m also the tallest. I’m also the skinniest. Why, I’m so skinny my picture is actually on this page, but I’m standing sideways pickin’ muh nose, so you can’t see me—ha-ha!”

☛ **Stunning tenoroon** from 34-D Cup, Vt.!!! **Saul Bellow** has won the 1975 **Kate Smith** “I’m Full of Myself Award” based on interviews about his new novel, *Humboldt’s Gift*, and the testimony of his ex-wives. **Cassius Clay** has won it for the past six years, and in other years it has been granted to **Kirk Douglas**, **Shirley Temple**, **Elsa Lanchester**,

Lyndon Johnson, **Diana Vreeland**, **Vladimir Nabokov**.

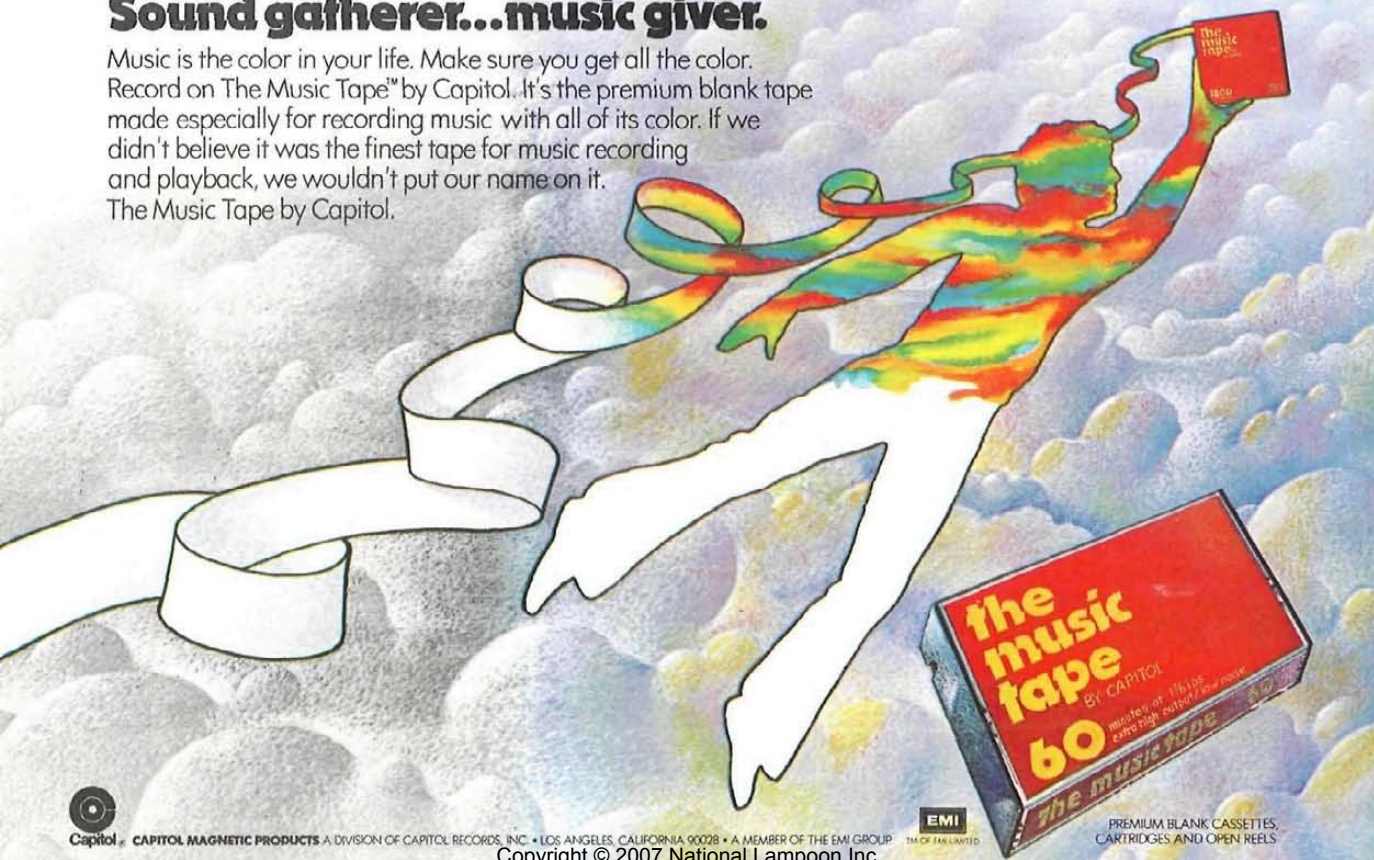
☛ **Scintillating doodlesack** from Dropsy, Ark.!!! It’s a great month for physical disability, and **Bruce Springsteen** has anal warts (you can tell by his lips). His boyfriend, English contrafagottoist **Evian Water**, gave them to him, and therefore, Bruce will not have them cured, smoked, or candied. They are a memento to him—so much so that he is making them his colophon and the title of his next album, “Anal Warts,” under the *Condylomata Accuminata* label. Dainty does it, Bruce!

☛ **Sky-high banjulele** from Fan-tods, N.Y.!!! Career on ice on ice! **Peggy Fleming** is through! Why? Well, she has always had tragomeschalia of the left armpit and hircismus of the right, which would not be so bad, you dig, but now when she does a split, pirouette, or simply separates her legs even to the slightest degree to start skating, all ice melts beneath her to a distance of sixteen feet. Formerly, the star’s trouble was hidden by those enormous sleeves. Peg was sealed into them, and the blazing emissions from her pits swelled them, kept her afloat and on balance, for she didn’t really skate very well. The sleeves were removed by a special operation

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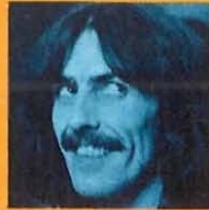
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Read All About It



EXTRA TEXTURE

George Harrison



ALL THINGS MUST PASS
STCH-639
DECEMBER 1970



CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH
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LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD
SMAS-3410 • MAY 1973

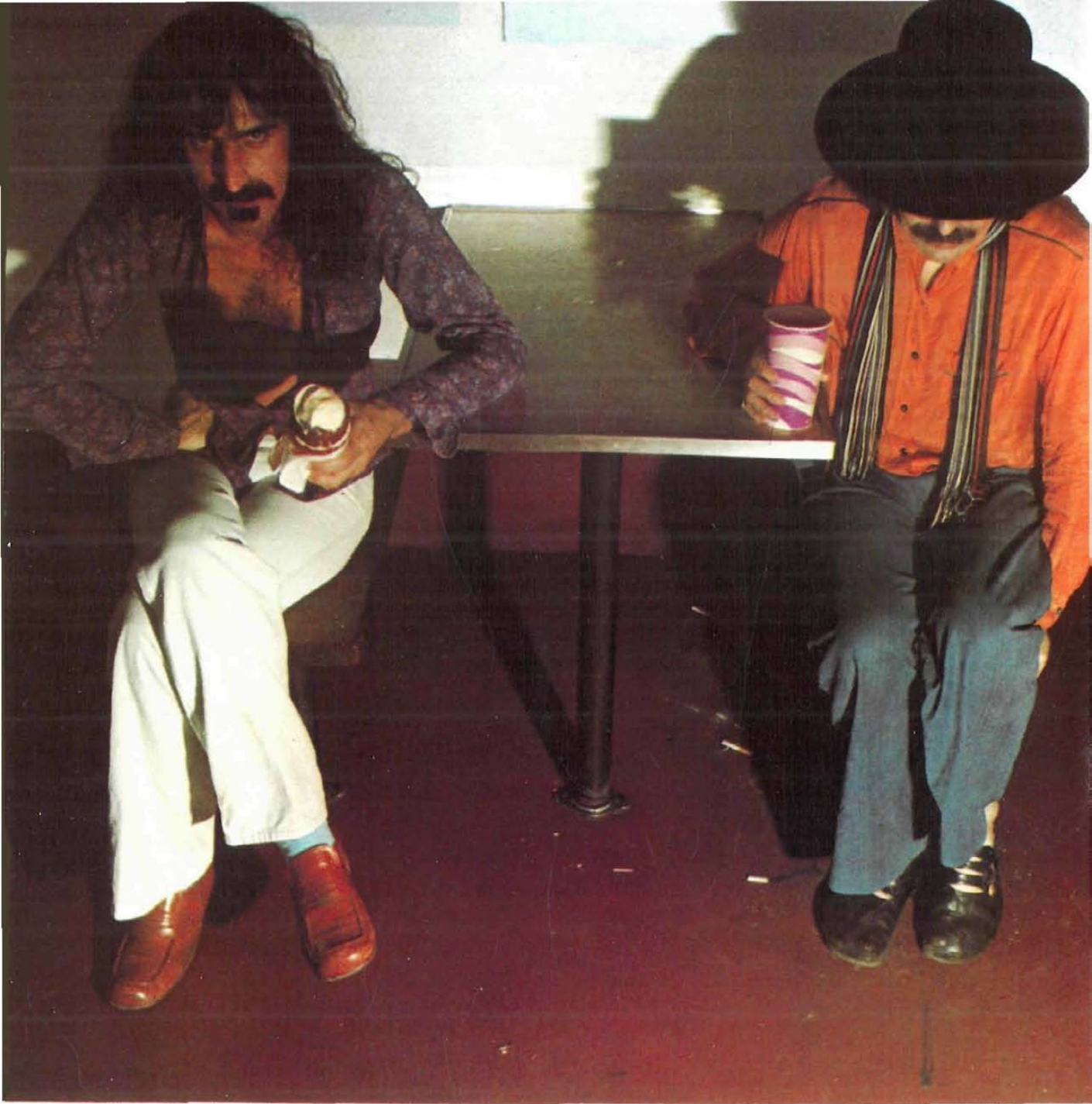


DARK HORSE
SMAS-3418
DECEMBER 1974



EXTRA TEXTURE
(Read All About It)
SW-3420
SEPTEMBER 1975

... OHNOTHIMAGEN ...



ZAPPA / BEEFHEART

MOTHERS

BONZO FURY

LIVE IN CONCERT AT ARMADILLO WORLD HEADQUARTERS

AUSTIN, TEXAS

May 20th & 21st, 1975

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TELL



Debby

Dear Debby: I am eleven years old. I play baseball with all the boys in the Little League. Our team is called the Cutter Street Madcats. I am the only girl on the team. No one wanted me to play in the beginning but my Daddy. My Daddy fixed it so I could play on the team. A lot of the boys didn't want me to play. They threw baseballs and tried to hit me in the head. When I'd get to play pitcher, then I threw baseballs and hit them in the head. Now they make me play catcher all the time. They put spiders in my catcher's mitt and the batter tries to hit me in the head with the baseball bat all the time. I have to carry all the stuff to the games we play. If I drop anything, the boys punch me in the stomach. But when they punch me, I drop everything and then pick up a baseball bat and chase after them and try to hit them in the head. I told my Daddy what they do and he said not to be such a sissy boy. I am not a sissy boy but my stomach really hurts where the boys punch me all the time.

Angela Flynn
Hopewell, Va.

Little girl, do you have any clear notion what season we are presently in? It is called winter. Say that, winter. Your letter is being printed in the winter because you didn't see fit to put sufficient postage on it in July. Stamps cost ten cents, not eight cents.

And that goes for the rest of you out there. Debby does not wish to receive any more postage due letters. Let this be the end of it.

Dear Debby: Believe me, I am not being overly dramatic when I use the term "life and death" in referring to a present situation. My father needs help, and I don't mean next week. I mean now!

My father is eighty-four years

old. Ten years ago, he married a woman less than half his age. My father worked hard all of his life and achieved the wealth and success he richly deserved. After my mother's death, some twenty years ago, he mourned her in strength and dignity. Then, after a respectable amount of time by anyone's standards, he decided to remarry. From the beginning, the members of our family were suspect of her motives, but we in no way wished to interfere with his happiness. He had certainly earned the right to live the life he chose.

At the time of this second marriage, my father suffered a serious heart attack. If indeed this woman had married Dad for his money, the family would not begrudge her this if she made his last days happy ones. That's how we felt ten years ago. In that time, she has made his life a living hell. And has caused him, I am certain, another and more serious heart attack. Without even going into her infidelity and extravagance, which are vile enough in themselves, we are certain now she is actively orchestrating the earliest possible end to Dad.

She bought a chimpanzee, and encourages it to run wild around the house. It jumps up on my father's frail chest and pounds him on the head. Debby, a man his age can't take this. I know he has asked her to get rid of it, and every time he does, she whines and complains that it's the only joy she has in life. And he always gives in. Unless that animal is removed, and soon, I know it will be the death of my father. Whatever can we do?

A Nervous Wreck
Boca Raton, Fla.

That's terrible.

Dear Debby: Several years ago, my wife made a mistake and was sent to jail. During the time she was

continued

Labelle

Phoenix

THE NEW ALBUM FROM
PATTI, NONA AND SARAH.



"Phoenix." The only album that could follow "Nightbirds." "Messin' With My Mind." The only single that could follow "Lady Marmalade." From Patti, Nona and Sarah.

Labelle: the only act in the world that can follow Labelle.
On Epic Records and Tapes.



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Introducing the stackable, pushbutton C-box. Now with our Scotch® Classic Cassette.

This unique C-box from 3M is more than just a better package. It's the handiest cassette storage system yet.

Touch the pushbutton and the cassette drawer pops open. Push the drawer back and it snaps shut.

C-box tops and bottoms interlock. Just slide them together to form a single, solid storage stack as tall as you like. An accessory carrying handle makes the stack completely portable; and a wall bracket mounts

anywhere you want it.

Great as the C-box is, what's inside is even better. Our Classic cassette with ferri-chrome is a truly superior cassette.

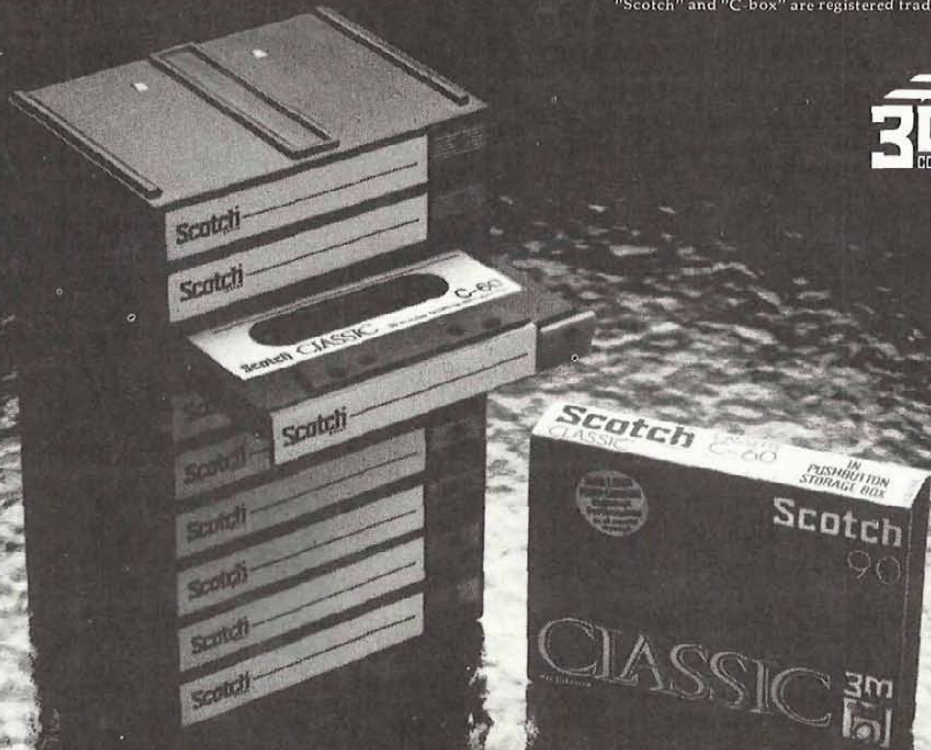
Advanced 3M technology gives this cassette tape two distinct layers of oxide. A special iron oxide for rich low and middle frequencies. And a chromium dioxide for brilliant high frequencies. Together, they deliver full-range sound fidelity truer than any single-oxide cassette tape.

Best of all, Classic cassettes are fully compatible. You'll get optimum performance on any good cassette machine.

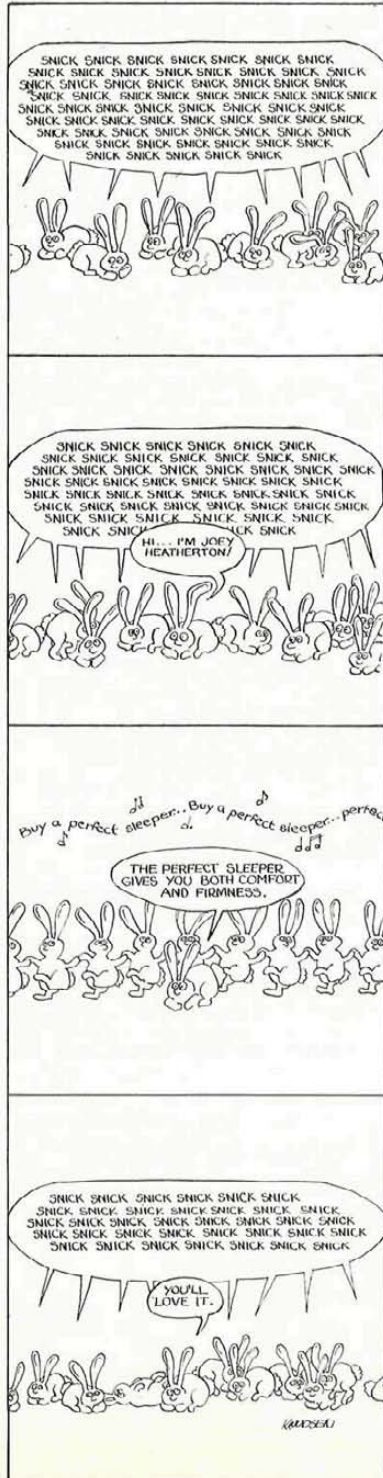
You can still buy the Classic cassette in conventional album boxes. But we think you'll prefer it in the C-box. Whatever your choice in packaging, Classic is still the best cassette we've ever made for you.

Soon other Scotch cassettes will be available in the new C-box. Watch for them in the months ahead.

"Scotch" and "C-box" are registered trademarks.



those fabulous bunnies



Tell Debby

continued

gone, we kept up a constant correspondence and remained very much in love. I tried to be both mother and father to the children in her absence, and I succeeded, largely thanks to her understanding advice. I worked hard to see that the children's needs were looked after, and both of them have been happy, healthy, and successful in their schooling.

Several weeks ago, my wife was paroled, and Susan, Robert, and I were very happy to have her home again. (The children believe that she has been away visiting in Europe.) We had a little homecoming party for her at the house and everything seemed to be going well until I noticed Marie slipping some silverware into the waistband of her skirt. I pretended not to notice, but since then she has done this several times. We now have barely enough silver for the four of us to eat with, and have to use our own knives in the butter. I have told the children not to say anything, as I am hoping that she will gradually begin to adjust to "life on the outside." Unfortunately, she seems to be getting worse, not better. Several days ago, she asked Susan, age twelve, where the nutmeg was. Susan claimed that she didn't know, and Marie, refusing to believe her, locked her in the cellar and turned the garden hose on her. Later, she offered Robert "kitchen privileges" in exchange for "information" about his sister's activities. When I suggested that her methods might be too harsh for young children, she said that the children should have thought of that before. She kept talking about chronic offenders for some time and I dropped off to sleep. When I woke up, it was about two o'clock in the morning. I started to make my way to bed, but, hearing some noises from down the hall, I investigated, and found the children standing naked in the hallway with their arms up on the wall. Marie was searching their bedrooms for what she called "contraband."

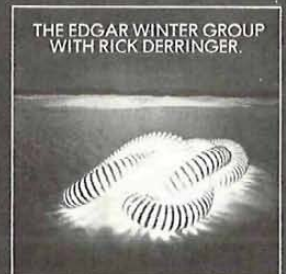
Debby, I love my wife, but the whole family is upset. I'm not doing well at work and both kids are having trouble at school. Robert has even hinted that he might like to leave home. Debby, if this keeps up I think I'll have a nervous breakdown. What on earth should I do?

Frustrated

How simply awful. □



"THE EDGAR WINTER GROUP WITH RICK DERRINGER?"
A FOUR-STAR ALBUM. ON BLUE SKY RECORDS AND TAPES.



PRODUCED BY RICK DERRINGER

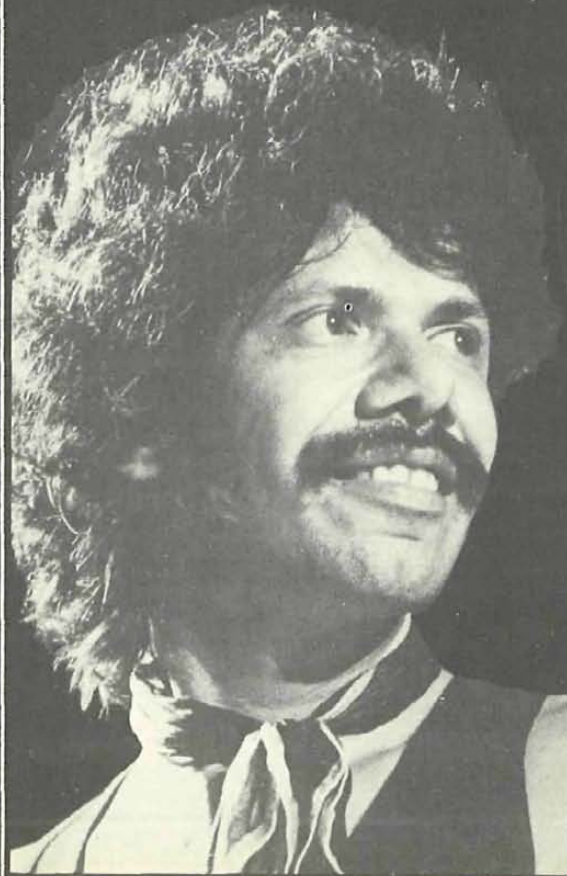
A few words from Chick Corea about his favorite album:

"This album has been the most special 'Return To Forever' album for me of any I've recorded...the result of a very straight-forward decision I made about life and music and working with others a year prior to recording it. The decision had to do with making a kind of music that would truly touch others."

chick corea • return to forever

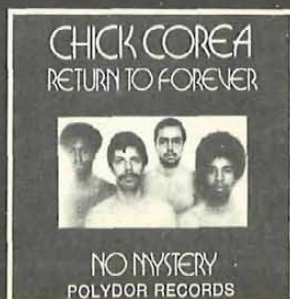


At long last—the American release of Chick Corea's legendary ECM "Return To Forever" recording.



the most beautiful sound next to silence

ECM
RECORDS
Marketed by Polydor





OUTLOOK:
BLEAK

The National

AIR QUALITY:
ACCEPTABLE

Express Herald Dispatch Beacon News
Clarion Free Press Telegraph Post Sun
incorporating the Reporter Sentinel Examiner Chronicle
Voice Bulletin Times Mail Bugle Star Gazette Globe
and the Mirror Monitor Observer Guardian Planet Worker Inquirer Tribune Ledger

“Ralph Gleason Shot Bobby, Walton Zebra Killer”: Patty

HOW DID
YOU GET HER
TO COP THE PLEA,
MR. HEARST?



LOCK HER
IN A CLOSET
AND FEED HER
LSD-SHE'LL DO
ANYTHING.

Despite F. Lee Bailey's repeated attempts to keep the lid on, reliable sources in the San Mateo County Jail have told *National* reporters that renegade heiress Patty Hearst "is singing like a gelded rooster" in an attempt to reduce eleven Federal charges against her. Among Patty's startling revelations:

● Robert F. Kennedy was shot by jazz columnist Ralph J. Gleason, who then paid Sirhan B. Sirhan "a king's ransom in food stamps to take the rap."

● Basketball flop Bill Walton, disguised as a short, black wino, actually committed the twelve Zebra murders that terrorized the Bay area two years ago.

● Consumer advocate Ralph Nader has used a secret slush fund to funnel \$60 million in Corvair rebates to extreme leftists in politically troubled Portugal.

● Orson Welles had Sharon Tate and her friends killed to scare Roman Polanski out of making a new version of *Macbeth*.

continued

● Baba Ram Dass was responsible for the so-called Corona multiple murders.

● The body of former Teamster President James Hoffa is buried in vegetable organizer Cesar Chavez' backyard.

● John Lennon and Yoko Ono were behind the fatal New York bombing of Fraunces Tavern.

● After extensive plastic surgery, Bernadine Dohrn has resurfaced and is currently hitting pop charts under the name Bruce Springsteen. Her latest smash, "Born to Run," is a device to send coded messages to other radicals still underground.

As revelations continue to pour in, her relieved father, Randolph Hearst, denied any suggestion of plea-bargaining, or that his daughter was receiving special treatment because of the wealth of her family. "You can't buy justice in America," Mr. Hearst told assembled reporters at his home today, "but you can sure rent it."

SPANISH FLY FACTORIES SHUT DOWN IN PROTEST OVER FRANCO'S EXECUTIONS

In a nationwide protest against Generalissimo Francisco Franco's brutal execution of five terrorists convicted of murdering policemen, the workers in Spain's most important industry left their jobs and went on an indefinite strike.

Spanish fly, the legendary aphrodisiac, is Spain's largest and most lucrative export. The nationwide strike could have a crippling effect on the country's economy unless Franco gives in to the worker's demands that he step down and turn over the government to Señor Wences, the leader of the Junta Democratica.

Meanwhile, the factories lay untended, with millions of Spanish flies spoiling or already dead. In this highly sensitive process, the mucous on the fly's tongue is extracted and mixed with various root and bark extracts to make up the secret, highly potent potion which has helped untold millions to enjoy happier love lives. However, in order for Spanish fly to work, the mucous must be extracted in the last two days of the fly's life cycle. Otherwise it is useless. Thus, a strike of this proportion throws the

precise manufacturing schedule out of kilter. The factories will lose millions of dollars, and now face the problem of what to do with the millions of new flies arriving every day from the breeding farms.

Pressure from the world's leading importers of Spanish fly (the U.S., Canada, West Germany, and Japan) could bring down Franco's regime faster than a military coup. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger held a meeting with the Spanish Ambassador and emerged grim and visibly annoyed, promising swift action to restore the balance of trade for this product. But from a Barcelona factory, Jorge Romero De Iglesia y Gasset, a spokesman for the workers, said, "If Franco remains, Spanish fly will be grounded, and Cupid will have lost his sharpest arrow."

flatulent comestibles. Similarly, the federal food stamp program will be limited almost exclusively to "tweetable eatables."

All over Capitol hill, bloated bureaucrats rushed to contribute their supply of natural gas to the perf parade.

Frank G. Zarb, of the Federal Energy Administration, spoke of the enormous potential of the gas-powered economy of tomorrow. "Millions of Puerto Ricans in our nation's cities, who up until now have been useless human garbage, will be able to turn their traditional rice and bean repast into a mighty weapon in the arsenal of democracy, which will deliver a silent but deadly blow to the oil-drenched OPEC holdup men."

FUNNY



Horticulturalists remain baffled by a four-and-a-half pound potato grown by Mrs. A.C. Hendra of Red Mill Road, New Jersey. The unique tuber bears no resemblance to President Gerald Ford.

Winds of Change KO Natural Gas Shortage

The Federal government has released a far-reaching fecal byproduct resource recovery plan designed to put "people power" to work in an effort to forestall a predicted natural gas shortage this winter in the energy-starved northeast. Taking a leaf from the lowly cabbage, Boston Mayor Kevin White aired the general outline of the new energy plan at a wind-breaking ceremony on the steps of historic Faneuil Hall. Decrying the "wanton waste and energy profligacy" that has sent millions of kilowatts of natural gas "right down the toilet," White told Bostonians to "look behind you and the answer will stare you right in the face."

Furious trading in bean and cabbage futures blew the lid off the Chicago commodities exchange. The boom was in part spurred on by the Department of Agriculture's announcement that henceforth, all federally assisted school lunch programs will rely heavily on

FLASHLIGHT ON THE PHILIPPINES

Featurette of the Month

by Brittanica Dimwiddy

"What ever happened to the Philippines?" a lot of old-timers say. They remember the Philippines fondly from World War II, those wonderful jungle islands we recaptured from the Japs with the help of Douglas MacArthur, John Wayne, and the fighting leather-necks of RKO and Warners.

Well, the Philippines are still with us, and they're still justly famous for their sugar, their martial law, the pugnaciousness of their citizens, and the fact that most of the Philippines does not exist.

What we call the Philippines is actually the northern island, whose capital is Manila. Manila is known primarily for its envelopes. The envelope

is used for almost everything — a tote bag, a purse, a shoe, a hat. No Filipino is seen without one. The chief source of income in the Philippines is sugar, which is controlled by American sugar companies, the originators of the Domino Theory. The Domino Theory is simple: Buy the president, the military, the senate, and the clergy, and everyone else will fall neatly in line. And so "King Sugar" reigns in the Philippines.

The Filipino is a tough, wiry little scrapper who will fight anything and anyone who disagrees with him. He'll even fight him-

self if there's no one else around. Incidentally, Filipino is spelled with an *f* rather than a *ph* because of its growing Americanization of the language. This started during World War II when they learned the phrase "fuck you" from the Americans, and it soon became the most popular term on the island. Soon the *f* replaced the *ph* in their vocabulary and the cry of "fuck you" was heard everywhere, as the national sport of fighting and killing caught on.

Fighting and killing is so popular in the Philippines that President Marcos has declared a permanent state of martial law with a curfew of twelve noon. Anyone seen on the streets after twelve can be shot or grenaded to death.

There are occasional stories in the newspapers about another island of the Philippines in the south called Mindanao, where an army of Moslem guerrillas are rebelling against the Marcos regime. The fact is, this island does not exist. The existence of Moslems in the Philippines is a physical impossibility. When President Marcos is questioned about Mindanao and its Moslem rebels, he laughs and calls it the product of minds suffering from jungle fever.

Marcos is probably right. There is an island called Mindanao on most maps. It has cities called Davao, Zamboanga, and Cotabato. Really. But those names alone, plus the fact that the island is supposed to be all-Moslem in the middle of the Far East, should be enough to convince anyone that the place does not exist.

HIGH-WIRED ACT.

TED NUGENT
including:
Stranglehold/Stormtroopin'
Just What The Doctor Ordered
Snakeskin Cowboys/Motor City Madhouse



Ted Nugent. Some claim he invented high energy. All agree he does it best. With his music, his songs and his very plugged-in guitar, Ted Nugent's new album entitled, modestly enough, "Ted Nugent," raises the threshold of high-energy rock and roll.

**"Ted Nugent":
High quality,
high volume,
high energy.**

**On Epic
Records and
Tapes.**



MY BOYS! RUNNING OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO PLAY DETECTIVE WITH SOME STRANGE WOMAN! THEY'RE ONLY 23 YEARS OLD! WHAT WOULD A WOMAN NAMED JILLY FAFF WANT WITH MY NICK AND NICKS?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MISTER BELLEBONDUCCI. YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME IF I LEAVE THE SORDID DETAILS OF OUR CRISIS TO FRANK.



YES, IT IS, MR. BELLEBONDUCCI, AND YOU AND YOUR BROTHER ARE THE MEN TO STOP IT. COME OVER HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS LAMP SHADE.

IF YOU AND YOUR BROTHER CAN GAIN ENTRY TO THIS BUILDING, FIND PLAN A-336 BY AND BRING IT BACK HERE, MISS FAFF AND I BELIEVE WE CAN RESCUE MRS. FAFF FROM THE VAULT.



You'll laugh your foot off.



Monty Python's Flying Circus

This is the one and only album composed entirely of material drawn directly from Monty Python's T.V. series. So it's the one and only album for those already wise to Monty Python's weekly doings—and who've been wanting to hear more of the same.

And it's the one and only album for those who haven't yet had the pleasure of Monty Python's outrageous company—since it contains precisely the original skits and

scenes that've made Monty Python's Flying Circus infamous.

Accept no substitutes. Hear Monty Python do "The Flying Sheep", "The Crunchy Frog", "Selling A Dead Parrot", "The Man Who Puts Bricks To Sleep By Hypnosis", and many others.

It's The Best Of The Worst Of, Monty Python's Flying Circus on PYE Records, Distributed by ATV.

PYE Records, Ltd. manufactured & distributed by



RECORDS

ATV Records Incorporated ©ATV Records Incorporated

GETTING THE VOTE OUT

Maintaining that the current election laws are "hopelessly out of date with the realities of America in these fast moving times in which we live in," President Ford outlined a far-reaching election reform package to replace the current crazy quilt of "outdated do's and don'ts."

WELFARE RIGHTS

Brandishing a Justice Department report which the President will offer as an *amicus populi* case before District Court, Ford commented, "When you cut through all the lawyer talk, what it gets down to is this: We have millions of people on the Federal dole who are using the ballot box to vote themselves pay raises. Now, if that's not a clear conflict of interest, I'm the Queen of France." The Chief Executive aims to right welfare hanky-panky by removing some sixteen million "welfare pork-barrelers" from the voting rolls.

POLE TAX

Citing "flagrant and frequent violations of the McCarren-Walter Act," Ford explained that the clear intent of

the Flapper Era solons was to preserve the ethnic status quo, noting "the melting pot is a frail and precious vessel." "Naming names," the President went on, "many of our citizens, including Poles, Irish, and Italians, as well as blacks and Latins, have taken their citizenships as license to breed like monkeys, thereby upsetting this precious balance." Promising that in the future, "people are going to have to pay if they want to play," the President promised a broad Pole tax, guinea tax, Jew jig, and spic tax, which it is hoped will provide the proper incentives to produce a balanced electorate.

MUNICIPAL DETENTION ACT

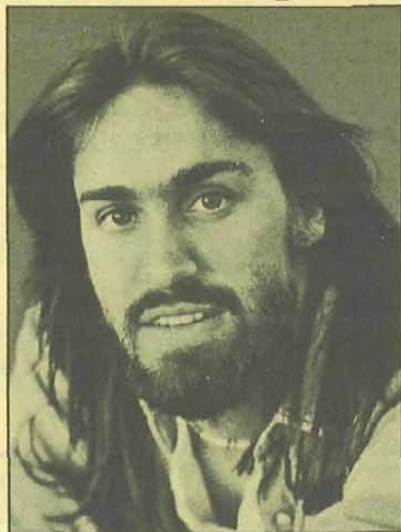
Speaking with obvious emotion, the President said, "The

way our larger cities have elected administration after administration which deliberately and with malice aforethought spent money that just isn't there constitutes fraud and criminal negligence." As a warning to spendthrift policies everywhere, Ford declared that the entire population of New York City is guilty of fraud, unlawful debt, and misuse of the public trust (as well as numerous other trusts). Ford invoked his emergency powers to incarcerate the entire population of New York City. "The law is very clear," Ford said, "concerning the voting rights of a felon (in this case, eight million of them). If he is in jail for more than a year and a day, he loses his vote."

Mr. Ford is a candidate for election in 1976.

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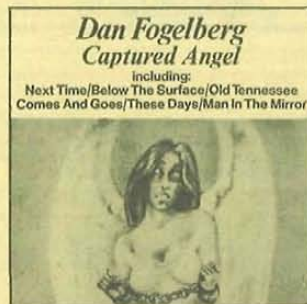
Every so often, the rock & roll matrix turns up someone very special. At the moment, possibly no one fulfills this promise more than Dan Fogelberg.



His new album is "Captured Angel." He wrote the songs, produced the album, did the cover painting and even played most of the instruments.

And he recently won the First Annual Rock Music Award for this year's Best New Male Vocalist.

"Captured Angel." Dan Fogelberg. An event on Full Moon/Epic Records and Tapes.



A Full Moon Production. Direction by Irving Azoff Front Line Management, 9128 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Ca. 90069

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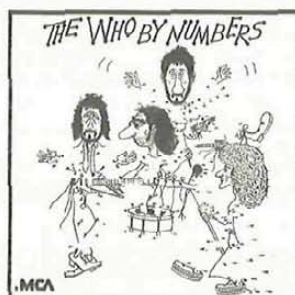
Put these in someone's Christmas Partyhose



on ATV



on Island



on MCA



on Apple



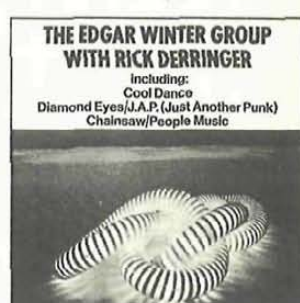
on Capitol



on United Artists



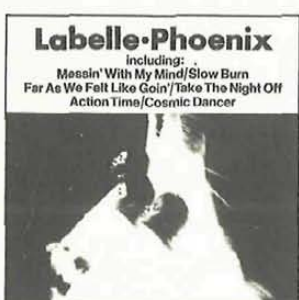
on Little David



on Epic



on Warner Bros.



on Epic



on Polydor



on Capitol

disc records

Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Frankly, it makes ol' Red just about throw up to see the sad Sunday spectacle of those candyasses who call themselves professional footballers. To the average working stiff, like you, pushing a big rig, or me, sitting in the press box sweating a dead line, it's pretty darn nauseating to see some pampered patsy who gets paid to hold place kicks three times a month threatening to strike for more than fifty thou a year. Red remembers when men played the game for the love of the sound of leather on leather. Red remembers, for example, Tommy "Crazy Man" Dorck, who played left outback for the Maryland Steamers in the East Coast semipro league between the wars. Like his teammates, Crazy Man received thirty bucks a game and supplied his own uniform.

Red remembers, in particular, the last game of the '44 season, when the Steamers were battling "Fast Eddie" Murphy's Boston Beans for fourth place. A give-it-all-you-got, sixty-minute

man, "Crazy Man" went both ways, and scored the winning touchdown in the final seconds of that hard-fought contest, although he'd been decapitated early in the third quarter.

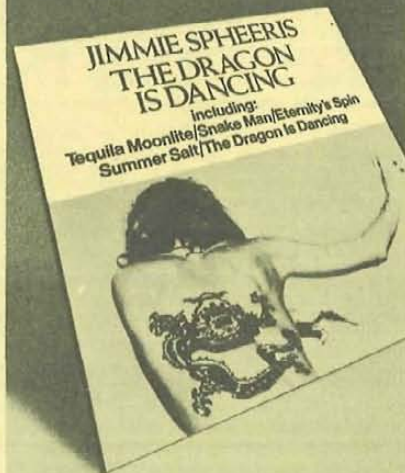
Red Hots: Watch for the Scottish sport of curling, known to aficionados as "the roaring game," to hit big on TV this winter. Curling's got it all, the rocks, the ice, the brooms . . . could be the most exciting spectator sport to hit the tube since golf. . . . Aging hockey superstar **Gordie Howe** was lured out of retirement again this season by Houston's promise to give Gordie's six-month-old grandson a place in the line-up. Gordie hopes to make pro sports history playing with sons and grandson . . . and any opposing defensemen planning to take a shot at the Howe toddler will answer to proud grandpa's educated elbows. . . . **Pele's** signing with the N.Y. Nets nixed by some rule-book nitpicker who discovered a fine-print regulation vs. kicking the ball through the hoop . . . another blow to championship starved Big Apple fans.

Sports Quiz: (Answer to last month's poser: Beats me!) Who would have won the American League MVP in 1790 if baseball had been invented?



A dragon on your back.

People who hear Jimmie Spheeris get hopelessly caught up in his poetry and melodies. Be one of them.



The Jimmie Spheeris habit, on Epic Records and Tapes.

TOUR

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9/30-10/4 Nashville, Tenn., Exit Inn
10/9-12 Houston, Tex., Liberty Hall
10/16-18 Austin, Texas
10/24 Columbia, Mo.
10/25 Kansas City, Kan., Memorial Hall
10/29-11/2 Chicago, Ill., Quiet Knight
11/12-15 Atlanta, Ga.,
Great S.E. Music Hall
11/26-30 New York, N.Y., The Other End
12/4-7 Boston, Mass.

The little Asskicker



For many performers, the large "multi-Kilowatt" PA systems along with demanding studio/live engagement schedules have negated the need for large, cumbersome instrument amplifiers. Until now, however, there have been no commercially available small, portable amps with professional power and features. In answer to this need, we present the Peavey "Artist."

The "Artist" features an extremely compact enclosure containing either a 12" or a 15" super heavy duty professional grade speaker and is powered by a tube type 120 watt RMS (@ 5% THD) amplifier. A full complement of Equalization controls is featured and includes low, middle and high frequency bands. We have built into this series a new type of reverberation circuit that delivers over 14 volts RMS to the built in reverberation unit. The preamplifiers, equalization, and reverb circuitry is complimented by a master volume control for even greater control of sustain, dynamics, and sensitivity for recording studio applications. Our exclusive "Automix" circuitry is built into this series for even greater flexibility and "on stage" versatility.

The Artist's Automix footswitch coupled with the internal circuitry of the amplifier enables the performer to parallel both channels, or drive one channel into the other for unbelievable sustain and overload harmonics, while retaining the ability to control these from the remote footswitch.

Overall, the "Artist" is the professional's compact amplifier.



Peavey Electronics
Box 2898
Meridian, MS 39301

Send me a free catalog

NL2

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



• A German gynecologist claims that a white couple can have a black baby without the wife having been unfaithful to her husband.

A Munich housewife gave birth to a black baby after being married for four years to a white man. The husband demanded a divorce on the grounds that his wife had slept with a black man, despite her repeated denials.

The gynecologist came to her aid and proved the woman guiltless. He established that the husband had had intercourse with a black prostitute, and picked up sperm from her body which he had then transmitted to his wife.

The gynecologist lists "bad hygiene by all concerned" as the cause of the incident. *San Francisco Chronicle* (D. Tyler)

• A Philadelphia landlord was set afire after accidentally smothering a tenant's cat.

Arnold Cooper, thirty-five years old, was admitted to a hospital in serious condition with burns of the chest and neck. Police say that a roomer found his cat dead in the boardinghouse keeper's room. Mr. Cooper had rolled over on the animal while sleeping.

The tenant doused Mr. Cooper with lighter fluid and set him on fire. The landlord did not press charges. *New York Times* (K. Harkewicz)

• A house built of empty embalming fluid bottles has been erected in Kootenay Bay, B.C., Canada.

Retired funeral director David Brown started work on his unique home in 1952. Normally, funeral homes discard the empty bottles, but Brown thought they could be put to use. He traveled through western Canada collecting 50,000 bottles from friends in the funeral business. Then he built a home in

a cloverleaf pattern, with main rooms circular in shape. Upon completion of the home, Brown built lookout towers, bridges, and walls leading down to Lake Kootenay.

Brown died in 1969, and his son continues the tradition. Although the project began as simply a man building his own home, it has become something of a tourist attraction. According to Brown, Jr., "When we see tourists put their kids beside it (the house) to take a picture, you know you have done something nice." *Funeral Director* (K. Coomans)

• A man approached a woman in a Springfield, Ill., laundromat and began making small talk. The gentleman explained that he once was a shoe salesman and he asked to examine one of the woman's shoes. She obliged. He looked it over, then dropped to his knees and started caressing and kissing her foot.

The woman told him to stop and he did, with apologies. When his laundry was finished, he left.

But ten minutes later, the man returned and went directly to the woman. He said, "I'm sorry, but I must caress your feet." Again, he dropped to his knees and started tugging on her shoes. After an unsuccessful struggle, he repeated his apology and fled. *Illinois State Journal-Register* (G. German)

• Mrs. Horace Peace received slight injuries when her husband shot her with a shotgun. At first, Mrs. Peace would not cooperate with investigating deputies, and she also refused to go to the hospital for treatment. Later, Mrs. Peace went to the authorities and explained that her husband was hunting and "thought I was a rabbit so he shot me." No warrants were filed. *Henderson (N.C.) Dispatch* (H. Terry)

• Israel Schnitzer had just arrived in Jerusalem from the Soviet Union and wanted to obtain a driver's license. Although Schnitzer had done poorly on the driving test, he told his instructor, "If you fail me, I'll shoot you."

The instructor took the threat to be a joke, and failed Schnitzer. Schnitzer then drew a gun and killed two driving instructors, a policeman, and himself. *Evansville Courier* (R. Pride)

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
smoke a boring cigarette.”



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Put a record on; walk away.

The Philips 209 senses the disc size, and speed, spins the platter and cues the tone arm.

When finished, it returns the tone arm, and turns itself off.

Only the 209 does all this.

There's effectively no detectable wow, flutter, drift or rumble.

Virtually all detectable acoustic feedback and rumble are eliminated by the freely suspended sub-chassis.

Our precision ground drive-belt also filters out any conceivable noise that could be traced to the drive motor.

Now we're working on automating the dust cover.

Any ideas?

PHILIPS AUDIO VIDEO SYSTEMS CORP.
AUDIO DIVISION
91 McKee Drive, Mahwah, N. J. 07430

Everything's automated but the dust cover.

Introducing the electronic fully automated Philips GA 209



PHILIPS®
TM - N.V. Philips, Holland



Rocky:

Sorry about the fuck-up. Here's your check back.

Sara Jane Moore
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

If Bruce Springsteen had not been invented, would it have been necessary for him to exist?

Ralph Gleason
Cabin in the Sky, Mont.

Sirs:

In connection with the Bicentennial hoopla, I thought I'd reveal that 200 years ago today, George Washington laid the cornerstone of the revolution, namely Betsy Ross. She couldn't sew worth a damn; some fag Hessian actually designed the first flag. I unearthed all these juicy details whilst shinnying up my family tree. Seems that Betsy got knocked up by ol' Walnut Teeth in

early 1778, hence the phony "seamstress" story run by the Franklin Wire Service and U.P.I.

Alba T. Ross
Dencherz, Massachusetts

Sirs:

Just a word of caution regarding the Russian revisionists whom your President woos these days: Don't trust the brutal boozehounds! They feel it is their Manifest Destiny to police the world like a can of Raid, eradicating pissants. They torture their yellow brethren with Chekhov plays. Is your leader playing with a full deck?

Sum Day Tont
United Nations, N.Y.

Sirs:

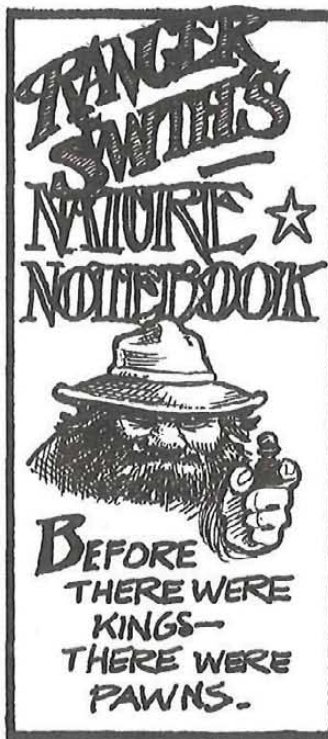
Question: What well-known folk singing group only plays once a month? Answer: The New Christy Menstruals. Steve told me that. I don't get it. Do you like my hairdo?

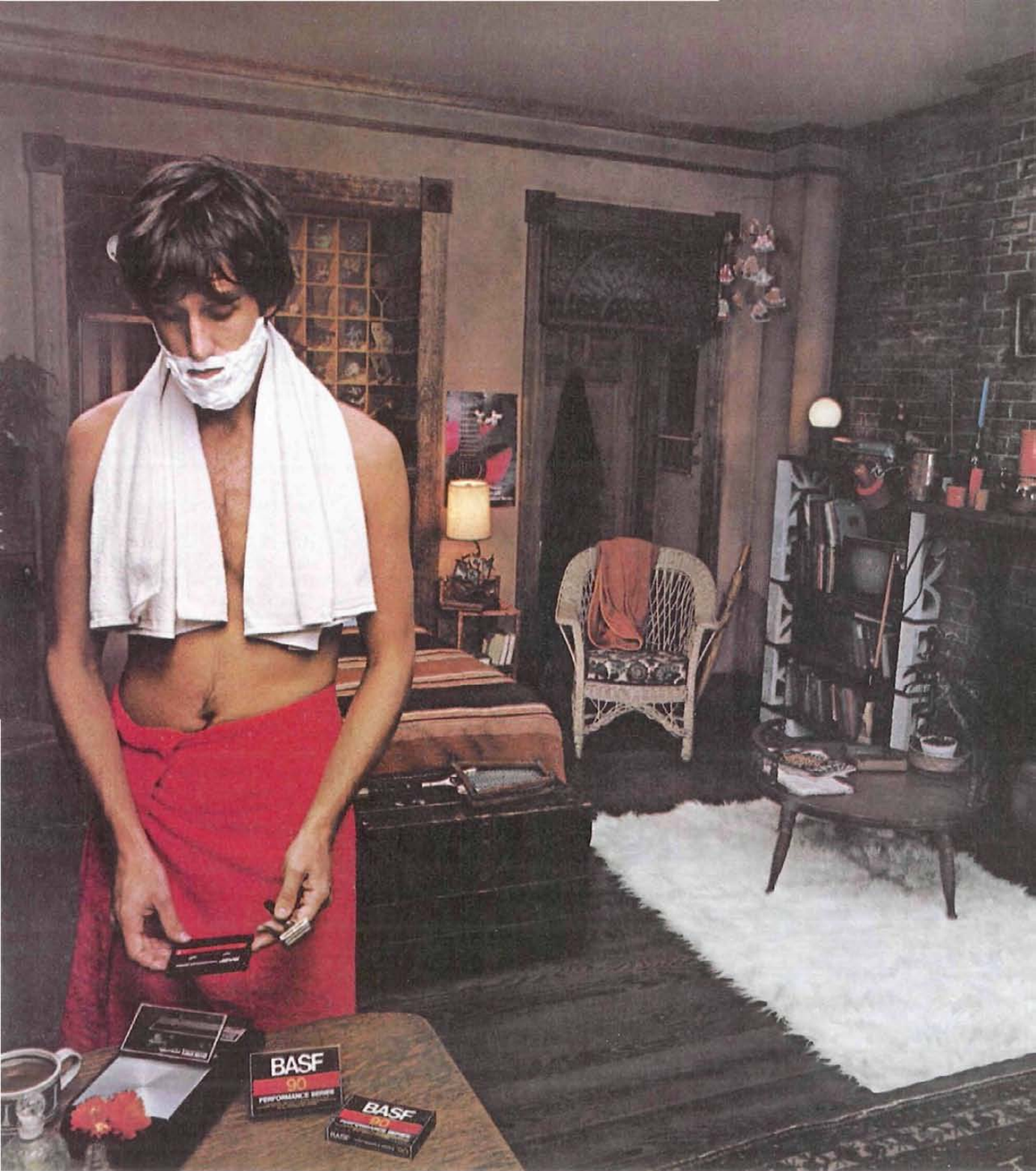
Jane Meadows
Metro, Cal.

Sirs:

Love is the answer; love is the key. Love is the lost chord and the missing link. Love is all there is. All you need is love. Love will keep us together. Love has many faces. Love heals all wounds. (My instructor in The Afterlife made me

continued





**If you've never heard music on BASF tape before,
turn the page and see how it sounds.**

Babe Ruth

Their new album is one hit after another...

STEALIN' HOME

on Capitol Records and Tapes

Letters

continued

write these stupid platitudes on the blackboard 200 times as punishment for my itsy-bitsy atrocities. Is that fair?)

A. Hitler
Schmaltzengaden, Paradise

Sirs:

He had it coming, of course. I phoned him up in San Clemente and yelled, "Looke here, pal—you promised to bail my country out, so start *bailing!*" He hem-hawed around unconvincingly. I knew that Pat was on the extension phone, so I said, "General Ky claims you eat shit sandwiches, but that's a lie 'cause you don't like bread." Hell, that's the moldiest gag in the book, but Pat died laughing. It really cracked her up for some reason. So now I've got an exile kingdom here with Gilligan and the skipper. I've still got my AT&T stock, though. Life goes on.

Nguyen Van "Bud" Thieu
Dad Gum, Taiwan

Sirs:

I'm the one, I'm the one. I'm the one they call Doc Sevrenson.

Mose Allison
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Wanna see a real comic strip? Watch Kate Smith getting ready for bed.

Ol' Dan Webster
Moon Mountain, Virginia

Sirs:

Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate? Your mother, your mother, rah, rah, rah.

Hubba Hubba Chi
Pollycracker Institute

Sirs:

No more derogatory remarks about my brother Johnny or you'll hear from my fists personally.

Buster Mathis
St. Paul, Minnesota

Sirs:

I'm a revolutionary leader (doctrine Socialist) and I'm stuck in the middle of Albuquerque with a

standing army of 1,000 men. We missed our bus connection to New York and are quickly becoming a "public spectacle." Despite the fact that we're scanning nudie magazines and playing Frisbee, the crowd is hostile. My men won't even go to the washroom. Is this a dream?

Nervous

Sirs:

Ever since Lester and me started reading the *National Lampoon*, we have met with nothing but lots of mean mouthing. People ask us what we are reading, thinking that it's a large-type edition of *Reader's Digest*, and when we tell them that it's the *National Lampoon*, they begin to laugh. Some just snicker, but a few even pee in their pants. They seem to think that it is some sort of joke. They think that only college fags that like to crucify frogs read the *National Lampoon*. And the staff here at the hospital has kicked us in the nuts so many times over this that we're sure this is a feather up their Foley.

Well, ha-ha and a high knee to them, too! They don't understand that you have to be educated with lots of schooling and everything in order to be sick enough to like the *National Lampoon*. Shit, Lester can't even read, and my finger and lips ain't as fast as they used to be, but I still like a good joke.

Hey, there's someone standing behind me! And he's laughing! And he's carrying a Sears and Roebuck ninety-six amp battery charger with jumper cables! Oh, I guess it must be nap time. Gotta run. Just keep sending those *National Lampoons*. Lester is sure that they will effect our release.

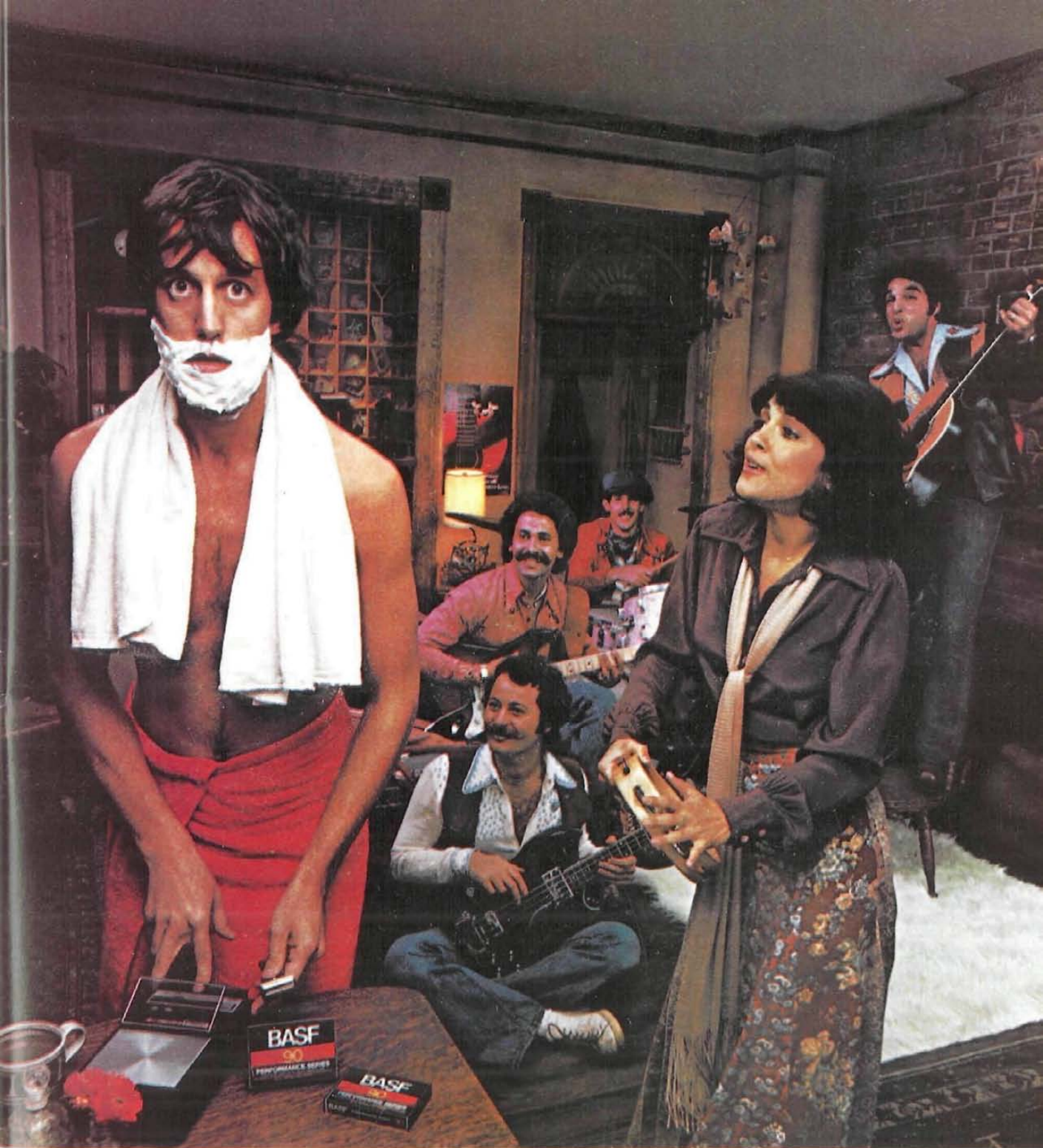
Your Pen Friend,
Jimmie Mack
Drawer 4-H, Unit 3-D
Bedlam, Alabama

Sirs:

There's nothing by Brian McConnachie in this issue. You guys are really slipping.

Michael O'Donoghue
George Trow
John Boni
Henry Beard
Anne Beatts
Michael Gross
David Kaestle
Arnold Roth
Michael Choquette
C/O "Let's Make a Deal"
Burbank, Calif.

continued



BASF sound is so clear and true, nothing comes between you and the music.

What you experience when you listen to music you record on BASF tape is simply this: the music. Pure and clear.

How does BASF make this phenomenal clarity happen? By polishing the tape. Literally.

When tape is made, it has thousands upon thousands of tiny bumps and ridges that can cause background noise. By getting rid of most of them, we get rid of most of the noise as well.

And to make sure the sound you do hear is all there, we give the tape incredible range and response by

using a highly magnetizable dense oxide coating.

Of course, when you listen to music this rich and clear, you don't just hear it. The music happens. (Which may come as a surprise if what you've been experiencing until now is background noise.)

Now if all this sounds too good to be true, there's something we'd like to point out. BASF invented audio tape in the first place. Giving us lots of time to perfect it.

So it isn't surprising we sound so much like the original. You see, we are the original.

BASF. We sound like the original because we are the original.



What Roots has you can't patent.

You can patent a sole, as Earth Shoe has.
You can copy it and sell it for less as others have.
But you can't patent comfort or caring or craftsmanship or beautiful.

And that's what you get in every pair of Roots.[®]

Beautiful top-grain Canadian leather
Beautiful stitching and workmanship and detail.

A sole that cradles your heel and supports your arch.

And above all, caring.

The people who make Roots really do give a damn about the way they're made and about satisfied customers. Same goes for the people who sell them.

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The men who make Roots

Roots.

"Be kind to feet. They outnumber people two to one."



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Roots are made in 15 styles for men and women. For more about them send 25¢ for "The Book of Roots" to Roots Natural Footwear, 1203 Caledonia Rd., Toronto M6A 2X3, Canada. For address of store nearest you call 800-521-8960 toll free.

©1975, Don Michael Co

continued

Sirs:

I wished upon a star. Oh, what I wished upon a star.

Sonny Bono

A small apartment somewhere in Hollywood

Sirs:

Did you know that, likely as not, King Cheops was "gay as last year's Christmas hat"? Yup, the hieroglyphic tiles which line his burial lolly depict a pharaoh putting the ol' erotic full nelson on various punky-looking priests. And one of the tiles shows his wife providing "happy hour" entertainment for visiting Assyrian diplomats. Some household, eh?

Dr. Ramses Wetordry
Trojanlube, Egypt

Sirs:

Got another one for sale:

Q: What do you call a composer you see in a supermarket?

A: A shopping Liszt!!

I don't get it, but it's up for grabs anyway.

Don
Snack Bar
Greyhound Station
El Paso, Texas

Sirs:

I can't claim authorship of "My Old Kentucky Home." My wife was a songwriter also, and she wrote "M.O.K.H." during her neoimpressionistic period. She wrote "Old Black Joe" during her minstrel period. I was the better lyricist, however; "Eleanor Rigby" is a direct steal from my 1841 chartbuster, "Homely Old Biddy." That's when they quit calling me Little Stevie.

Stephen Allen Foster
Bet-on-the-Bay, N. Carolina

Dere cer:

Eye belunk tew tha Sewsighetie phor Kreateiv Spelink, ant Ih't lihk tu tel ewe hoow mervalice hour sosighheaty iz. Wee advvohkate spellink werts hoowehpher you wahnt ohn tha growndes thant yu wil deerithe mane bbenefitz phrom "Creatif Spelling."

Wuns freee frum tha bahnds ofv kunvenshunéal spullengk, yer wil feyend thad yer lief wille emproev emezarablee. Presshurez tuew shpelle korectlee wille dizapper, leven yew ah hapiear any mur kerphree poirson. Ande yuh weel bee releevd to no thant "Creeateiv Speelin" en nuh waye hampurz yer abbbilitee tuw kkomuniceight.

Cenncearlie,
Jahne Dough
Enetohne, Ewe. Es. Ay.

Superscope gives you all these features and Dolby too, for less than \$190.00

- **Built-in Dolby[®] Noise Reduction System** with internal/external switching that enables it to operate as an independent out board playback Dolby system. Unlike most other Dolbyized units, the CD-302A Deck can also deprocess Dolbyized material from FM broadcasts and other tape recorders.
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Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings and Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg.
"tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.



**THE BEAUTY OF POLLUTION:
U. S. INDUSTRY TURNS POISON
INTO ART FOR ALL**

LUCRE

December 1975

The Evil of Crooked Unions and How to Buy Them Off
Russia's Simple Cure for Consumerism
United Chaff Cashes in on the World Famine Fad
Lucre's 500 Largest Corporate Advertisers
An Embargo on Consumers: AmOilCo's Daring Plan
Trading Your Corporate Jet for a Corporate Congressman

It's Nut Season Again

The move for federal legislation making it legal to kill the heads of large corporations appears to be gathering support in Congress and around the country. Prestigious WNBC of New York came out for it with an on-the-air editorial last week, pointing out that since corporation heads were the men ultimately responsible for the faulty machines, cancerous products, and lethal dishonesty that kills hundreds of thousands of Americans each year, they should in turn be killed. WNBC also added that corporate heads were, without exception, old, wrinkled, paunchy, and looked like potatoes, noting that in a spot-check of typical executives they had run, only two percent knew the correct use of a gray top hat and none at all could identify the music of Buxtehude. The editorial was followed some days later by an answer from a group calling itself Concerned Citizens for the Killing of Corporate Leaders, who maintained that the issue was no longer a matter of simply killing corporate leaders, but whether to torture them first. Further, according to CCKCL, factions had developed amongst the torture advocates as to whether the method of torture or the method of killing should receive the greater emphasis. CCKCL's position, which it described as "moderate," was that corporate heads should simply be disembowled with a blunt chainsaw and have their heads crushed by a dump truck.

While there appears to be much evidence for such legislation at the present, it might be wise to introduce a note of caution before legislation is finalized. Aside from the trouble and expense the average consumer would have in finding a corporate head, licensing disembowelment equipment, and acquiring a dump truck, the proposal raises some knotty legal problems. What recourse in law, for instance, would a corporation have should a consumer go further than simple disembowelment or crush another part of the body as well as the head? Most importantly, the whole program contradicts the present administration's commitment to less regulation rather

than more.

In the light of these objections, a much saner course of action would be to make industry responsible for its own disembowelment and head-crushing. A consumer would forward a properly notarized letter of intent to disembowel and head-crush to the appropriate corporation, who would then evaluate the communication, disembowel and head-crush the officer in question—or his equivalent—and return written notice to the consumer. A federal board composed of civil servants and prominent members of the business community could be set up to investigate cases of improper or unfair disembowelment and head-crushing. But a bill mandating the use of rusty chainsaws and dump trucks smacks of the kind of finicky government interference we expect in an East European satellite, rather than a free democracy. If the economy is ever to sail out of the doldrums, we need less law, not more.

Sorry, Wrong Number

Even before the energy crisis, the U.S. government came regularly to major oil corporations for figures on their own operations—earnings, reserves, production totals, etc. But as self-appointed industry gadflies have begun to sniff about in the operations of these giants, they have had to work overtime to develop new ways of converting unstable raw data into a safe form for public consumption. Fortunately, the major oil companies between them control the largest single pool of information on the international petroleum industry—by some estimates, over 90 percent of the free world's supply of solid facts on the production and movement of oil. And now, Global, one of the largest companies, has announced some revolutionary new methods of keeping America supplied with a steady stream of complex, undecipherable, and deceptive figures on every aspect of their business at home and abroad.

In the past, simple combustion and bulk disposal of particularly hazard-

ous material served to prevent leaks that could damage the companies' corporate structures. Public and private interference over the years has, however, made many of these refining methods themselves hazardous. Global claims that through the use of highly sophisticated techniques, such as "padding," "circumlocution," and "selective restating," it can now extract nearly one thousand pages of inaccurate and misleading material from a single column of hard figures. Large Scale Reserve Underestimation (LSRU), "haystacking," and "bafflegraphs" are just some of the techniques Global has been experimenting with to fulfill technical requirements on the supply of information while keeping comprehension at an absolute minimum. "Haystacking" involves the planting of tiny amounts of completely accurate factual matter in mountains of totally irrelevant detail, while bafflegraphs reduce the impact of potentially damaging statistics by coupling them with other, quite unconnected statistics.

Thus, in a typical bafflegraph, the average tax rate paid by oil companies (6.7 percent—a potentially disastrous piece of information if properly understood) is placed in its proper perspective by being coupled with the size of the world's oceans. The percentage now appears enormous, and the data-bomb is defused.

LSRU, however, is probably the most effective technique in creating a positive climate of public opinion for environmentally suicidal offshore exploration, increases in controlled well-head prices, or other excess-profit-boosters. The way LSRU works is simple. Studies indicate, for instance, that real reserves of North Slope oil are in the neighborhood of 50 billion barrels. Clearly, this fact is far too dangerous for direct public consumption. Using LSRU, the figure is merely divided by five. Suddenly, Alaskan oil reserves have dwindled 80 percent. The oil is still there, of course, but no one is likely to have the equipment or inclination to check. Once again the public has been protected from the imminent peril of raw, unprocessed truth.

BUSINESSMEN IN THE NEWS

Researchers: Buffi Pierpont, DeeDee Morgan, Topsy DuPont, Muffy Rockefeller, Snuffy Hutton, Tish Mellon, Sissy Carnegie, Missy Vanderbilt, Mopsy Ford, Bobbie Kennedy, Mandy Murchison, Casy Cabot Lodge, BeeBee Merriwether Post, Pookie Rothschild, ZooZoo Dodge, DooDoo Harriman, Sassy Astor, LooLoo Luce.

Buncombe's Brainstorm



Buncombe III of Mogul

Angrily rebuffed by his stockholders ten years ago after seeking approval to buy a controlling interest in Castro Convertibles, Inc. ("Still sounds like a line of Cuban sports cars to me," he snorts), Mogul Motors chief and Mogul founder's grandson **Baxter T. Buncombe III**, forty-nine, has had to keep one eye on a slumping sales chart and the other on his job ever since. Educated in Europe's finest tennis camps, genial "Bax" Buncombe has also had to buck an industry image as lacking in mental horsepower. No help was his 1966 call for saving the cost of expensive safety equipment on new cars by giving every Mogul buyer a crash helmet instead. But "Bax" Buncombe may have finally lived down his image and hit on a way to bail Mogul out of the doldrums it plunged into with the advent of hot-selling foreign imports. And the idea, he admits, was entirely his. Instead of spending an estimated \$38.5 million on new tooling for '76 models, Buncombe let word leak last month that he's found a simpler, cheaper way to combat the import threat. Mogul will continue to build unchanged '75 models through the coming year and simply stamp "Made in Japan" on each one.

All in the Family



Bonacorte of Amalgamated

Tragedy has stalked once-profitable Amalgamated Widgets, Inc., ever since last April, when founder **Wellington W. Worthington**, sixty-three, suddenly sold out (for \$32 million below book value) to Sicilian Holdings, an unknown Brooklyn concern. Worthington died next day in a croquet accident. Into the vacant Chairmanship slipped Sicilian officer **Rocco Fantucci**, thirty-seven; the ex-stevord wasted no time in packing the Board with a hand-picked "Fantucci Mafia" brought in from Las Vegas and New Jersey. Fantucci last June announced a major venture into slot machines amid rumors of a Justice Department investigation after \$43 million disappeared from company books, written off as "petty cash." But Fantucci never got a chance to square himself; Florida State Police in early July found him in the trunk of his car, suffocated in a tragic tire-changing accident. Amalgamated Treasurer **Vito Gianfriddo**, forty-three, then assumed the reins—only to die tragically himself when a friend's hunting pistol accidentally discharged in a Brooklyn restaurant. Next in line for the Chairman's post was **Guglielmi Salvatore**, fifty-two. But barely had Salvatore taken command than, according to friends, he became despondent over a parking ticket and garroted himself in an abandoned Bayonne, N.J., warehouse. Peace finally returned in October, according to former Fantucci critic and new Chairman **Giacomo Bonacorte**, forty-seven. "Sicilian Holdings, Inc., has been liquidated," announced the new boss. "From now on, Amalgamated will be run just like any other Family enterprise."

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Sharpest Chisel in Texas



Chisel of FIASCO

Normally, deadpan market analysts these days are standing up to cheer the performance of Houston's FIASCO (Fiduciary Assets Corp.) and its fast-moving, flamboyant boss **Graftan Chisel**, thirty-three. Widely lauded for the adroit way he steered FIASCO from tiny 1971 profits to bankruptcy and then into a \$1 billion 1972 Federal aid jackpot while sitting on the Texas bench and serving as part-time legal counsel to the State's oil interests, Chisel likes to show office visitors the Roladex card file he uses to keep track of all his interlocking directorships, but is equally at home helping his aged mother run her corner grocery store. "The cash register confuses her," he chuckles. Chisel in private life is notorious for pranks like the birthday gift he bought his Jewish wife last year—the U.S. Ambassadorship to Syria. But his main extracurricular interest, an offshot of an earlier involvement with show dogs, is show children. He recently took an afternoon off to beam proudly as eldest son Procter Bang-Bang Petrodollar's Pride Jr., six, took Best in Show. "I wouldn't sell that one for a million bucks," says Chisel of the family champ, then pauses. "Well, that's going too far. Make me an offer."



HOW CONBRIBECO'S COMMITTEE EXECUTIVE OUTSMARTED THE I.R.S.

by Hy Diver

The Feds thought they'd finally collared Consolidated Bribe Corporation's top bad boys, but the final scene in their skyscraper office found them one step ahead of the law.

Sudden sense of emptiness seems to settle over ConBribeCo Chairman's office suite in the first confusing moments after final confrontation with pursuing I.R.S. and other government and law enforcement authorities. Notorious for committing nothing to paper, ConBribeCo executives all left behind handwritten personal notes before departing. Eyeglasses, wallets, and other personal belongings were curiously placed on desktops or windowsills. By their rash action, the troubled conglomerate's desperate directors had clearly jumped from the frying pan into the fire; their sudden freedom, while giddy and breathtaking, would prove all too brief. "They won't get far," surmised one pursuer as he stood staring out an open window, "before they collide with the inevitable." And by bolting so suddenly, ConBribeCo's directors had lost face. "I'd put it more strongly than that," added another pursuer as he leaned out the window to study the scene on the street, forty-six floors below. "These guys lost more than face. Like skull, chest, internal organs, legs, arms, brains, intestines, eyes . . ."

Jumping to conclusions

"He just stepped out." The nervous secretary has her hands full answering a steady blitz of phone calls and trying to simultaneously keep the papers on her desk from blowing away in the force-five gale created by the open window across the empty room.

It's a sunny late fall afternoon in the New York headquarters suite with *Consolidated Bribe Corporation* on the door, forty-six floors up in the heart of the business district; but neither the Chairman nor his six key aides are in. Harassed by agents of the F.B.I. and the Internal Revenue Service for months now, shuttled from pillar to post in a ceaseless gaggle of investigations and examinations and Capitol Hill appearances, boomed by TV newscasts and newsmagazine cover stories into the status of household words, ConBribeCo's executive committee over the past few months had found the glare of constant publicity inimical to the very nature of its hush-hush business. Amid the hulabaloo surrounding exposure of their links with the government, military, politicians, and the Mafia, valued clients had begun deserting the ConBribeCo ship and—unkindest cut of all—denied having ever used its services. Income, always kept secret as a matter of confidential policy, had reportedly plunged from \$45 million per year in commissions to almost nothing. Even ongoing C.I.A. work had by October all but dried up. And now, official machinery was moving into action. The complex legalistic arguments that had long protected ConBribeCo from paying one cent in corporate income taxes—since bribe money had been so carefully laundered and hidden and funneled and juggled that it technically didn't exist, how could taxes be paid on what in bookkeeping terms had

never been there?—had been shattered in a single damning Justice Department memo. Consolidated Bribe Corporation, universally admired for the slickness of its operation, seemed all washed up, and its executive committee pursued by Government bloodhounds as a pack of common felons. Not even an inspired last-minute strategy drawn direct from ConBribeCo's textbook worked: Justice lawyers rejected fat bribes to quash their suit and F.B.I. field investigators politely returned the \$1,000 bills tucked into their lunch bags.

The final push

But ConBribeCo's executive committee in its final boardroom meeting had found one last trick in its ample bag. The gang that had cheated Uncle Sam of untold millions in tax payments suddenly discovered, as the law closed in and police sirens wailed out the window in the streets far below, a dramatically, even ridiculously simple way to cheat the Feds of their pound of flesh.

Over the windowsill is out

The temperature in Consolidated Bribe's executive suite seems to be plummeting in the nippy November dusk, but the distracted secretaries are too preoccupied with jangling phone lines to get up and shut the windows. The door slams on an empty office, swung shut by the wind. A magazine blows through the reception area, printed tumbleweed. Some sort of hastily written note flies off the Chairman's jumbled desktop to wedge itself against a pair of spectacles on the window ledge.

How low can you go?

"Good afternoon," the secretary purrs with cool professional poise. "Consolidated Bribe Corporation . . . no, sir, I'm afraid he's not in. He left rather suddenly and he did say he wouldn't be back."

ATTILA, INC., \$1,000,000,000

by Howard Roark

When this U.S.-based construction giant demanded to build new Kornblatt Kourt Hotels smack on their precious landmarks, the foreign governments cried "foul." But the cry switched to "uncle" after they found that the alternative was a U.S.-based nuclear strike.

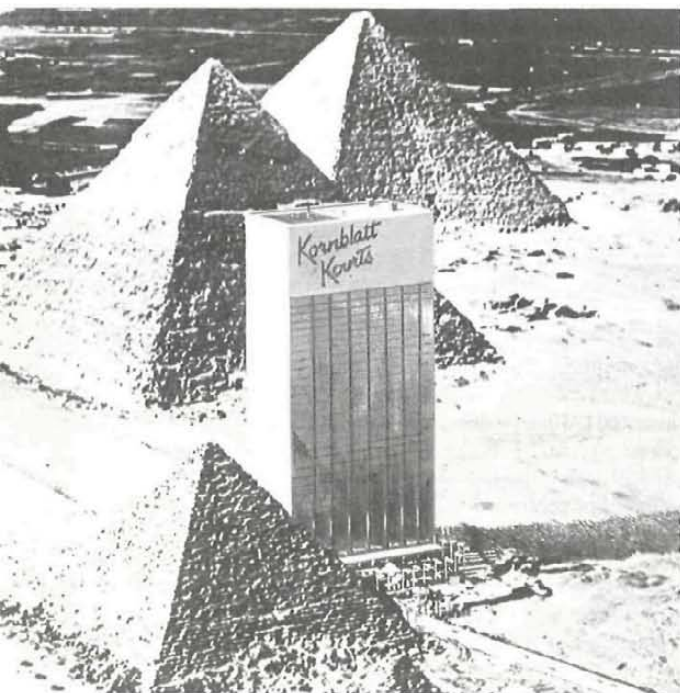
Texas' go-ahead Attila, Inc. (1975 earnings before taxes \$2.00, earnings after taxes \$23 billion) has had friends in the Pentagon since the sixties, when the two monoliths, one public, one private, joined in "Operation Slope Hope," a plan to once and for all create a free and pro-U.S. South Vietnam by building an exact concrete and iron replica of the Indochinese Republic and anchoring it safe and snug off the California coast. But thanks to Congressional wiseguys, the soaring vision of Operation Slope Hope was nixed. Attila was forced to turn elsewhere in search of new construction worlds to conquer.

Now, with a big boost from those old Pentagon contacts—100 nuclear

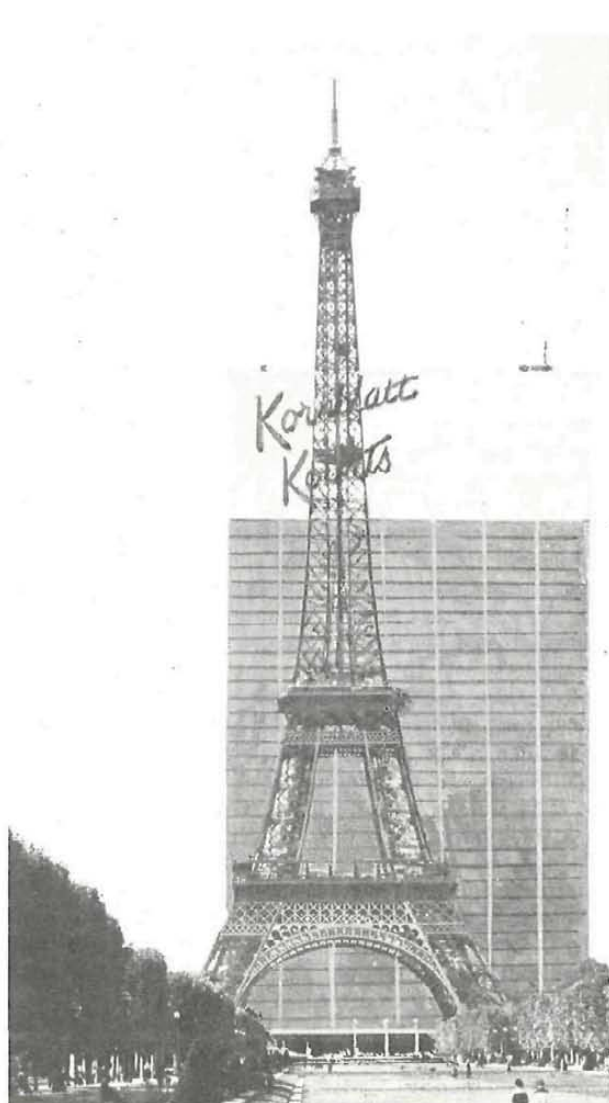
megatons of boost, to be exact—Attila is about to conquer just that: the world, give or take a banana republic or two.

Soon to rise over the skylines of Paris and the Pyramids, behind the Taj Mahal and above Mount Fuji, wherever there is a familiar and beloved landmark and a piece of flat ground, will be a global network of thirty-three-story Tudor-Cape Cod-Gothic Kornblatt Kourt Hotels, offering American tourists better views than the natives get of their favorite fairy tale landmarks.

Opposition to the Kornblatt coup was stubborn, as limpwristed conservationists everywhere joined hands with vote-happy political hacks to block Kornblattization of the Eiffel



Kornblatt Kairo Kourt dwarfs run-down Egyptian pyramids blocking panorama view of Nileside tennis courts and horseshoe pitch. Kairo Kornblatt offended tender local tastes by labeling hotel's restrooms "Daddies" and "Mummies," posting "No Cats Allowed" signs. Thin-skinned Frenchmen, unable to speak English, can register no complaints about sleek new *Kornblatt Cognac Kourt* muscling sissy-looking Eiffel Tower right off the Paris map. Kornblatt plans purchase of Eiffel for use as profitable U-Dive-'Em Parachute Thrill Jump, for kiddies.



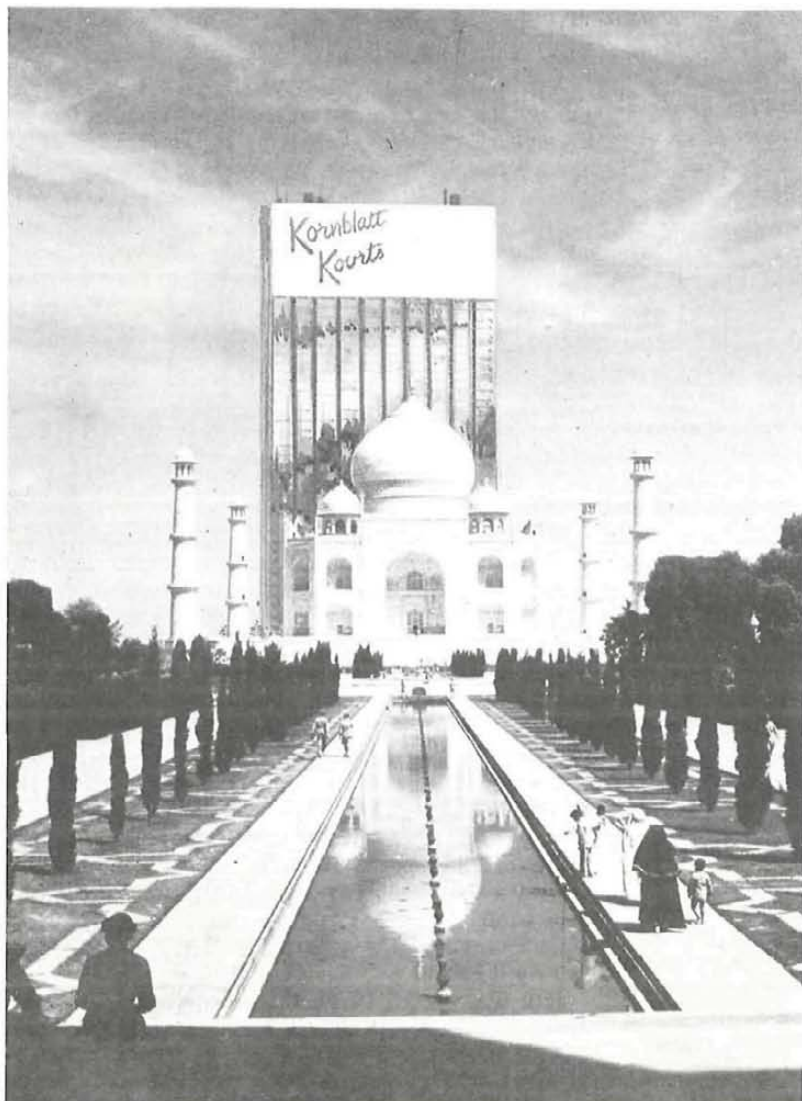
100,000,000; DO-GOODERS, O

Tower and Big Ben and the tower of Pisa. But those Attila ties with the Pentagon prevailed, and the full weight of Attila's 325 ex-Pentagon board members was felt. A flood of top-secret cables sped from a basement Pentagon machine into foreign ministries worldwide on a sunny morning last spring. Suddenly, the opposition to Kornblatt Kourt's bold venture melted as opponents realized they might be.

"We put it to 'em straight," recalls a spokesman for Attila. "Either we'd be in business by 1978, or they'd be out of business for good." In that light, the lurid glow of pending thermonuclear holocaust, the most dedicated do-gooder had no choice but to go along. As another Attila

spokesman, himself a former member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, remarked, chuckling: "Those do-gooder fairies might not like the appearance of a Kornblatt Kourt Hotel and the way it screws up their precious landmarks. But believe you me, next to a multiwarhead Mark 6 Ike nuclear missile, a Kornblatt Kourt looks like the Palace of Versailles."

"Give me your tired, your poor, your foreign tourist looking for a cosy single with color TV and Magic Fingers" might be motto for projected Kornblatt hotel in the mouth of the Hudson River, just outside Manhattan. Since U.S. immigrants no longer come by ship, Kornblatt plans to buy Statue of Liberty and move it to John F. Kennedy Airport terminal building.



Mighty Taj Mahal is cut down to size by glass-and-concrete masterpiece of cost accounting beauty known as Kornblatt Khedive Kourt. Management is mulling plan to turn "white elephant" Taj building into an all-nite disco annex. Meanwhile, Kornblatt Kommonwealth Kourt in London boasts stunning facade just behind Big Ben; even stick-in-the-mud Londoners admit one look is enough to stop a clock.

THE FRESH NEW FACE AT SMITH, SMITH & SMITH

by Lana Anal

Laxative industry analysts have smelled something rotten at Brownsville's Smith, Smith & Smith for years now. But criticism has recently come on with a rush in a spasmodic seizure of outbursts.

"They just crapped out," grunts one executive, "and getting back in the pink will call for more than a lick and a wipe."

"Old Mr. Smith just sat there watching profits go down the drain," sighs another onlooker. "He couldn't control his output, couldn't tighten up the cash flow, wouldn't hold back when he felt a surge in the market. Now it's all coming out and piling up."

Founder W.C. Smith did have an industry reputation for fiscal and managerial incontinence. His heirs and successors in the fiercely family-minded firm, however, have excreted a different kind of image.

Turning the other cheek

"They were almost wiped away in the Depression and nearly disemboweled in the recession of '58," explodes another critic, no longer able to hold it in, "yet Smith, Smith & Smith management in recent years hasn't gritted its teeth and pushed like the old man did. Their policies are mostly wind. They're about as effective as a button on an outhouse door. Just when you think they're ready to sit down to their business, they turn the other cheek."

Did the flush of early profits begin to decompose in 1926, when old W.C. retired to his yacht *Windbreaker* and left affairs to W.C., Jr., and a family-dominated Board? A veteran of Smith, Smith & Smith's executive washroom turns beet-red as he passes his judgment. "Nepotism may be a bum rap," he concedes, "but ever since old W.C. got off his stool, the company's plumbing has been clogged. The fact is that his son and heir and all the other Smith family members who sat down to do their duty never really pulled up their pants. They've made asses of themselves. Most, when it comes to the laxative game, don't know ships from Shinola."

A satisfying movement

But last summer, the Board, in its most satisfying movement in years, voted for a change. Out as President went logey John Smith, sixty-eight. In came the prune juice of a youth movement, in the form of twenty-six-year-old W.C. Smith IV, with a determination to get his great-grandfather's company on schedule again. How does the younger Smith intend to unclog Smith, Smith & Smith's blocked passages and make the money flow?

Up their assets

"First, I won't tolerate brown-nosers on the Board,"

he declares. "Second, everybody around here will either perform or get off the pot. Third, our chewing-gum laxative division is going to take all that loose cash and shove it up their assets to stop the runs on capital and fertilize growth. Fourth, every one of us has to sit down and concentrate on what he sees coming out of our backed-up supply line. Can he tell the flyspecks from the pepper? That's important. And so is knowing when to pull the lever. Too many times in the past, Smith, Smith & Smith has been caught with its pants down when the simple indication was to go. We're going to go more often from now on."

The laxative superbowl

A strong dose of medicine indeed—but young W.C. Smith IV seems to manifest an almost visceral feel for the pulsing, spasmodic rhythms of the laxative game, and a sense deep down in his bowels of just what managerial Castor Oil should be applied. Contrasted with the usual company board meetings, with their gruntings and groanings and nothing coming out, W.C.'s great-grandson conducts what amounts to bull sessions. "I'm a great believer in roughage," he admits. "It may be hard to swallow for some of them, but things tend to come out more smoothly in the end. Of course, it raised an ungodly stink at first, but it got across the message that I was ready to put a few people on the hot seat, kick a few butts."

And, just possibly, put Smith, Smith & Smith back in the crap game.

Cutting the cheese

Young Smith's maternal connection with the ultrarich Ast family of Colon in Latin America is well known; but what else is there to remark on about this half-Ast young turk of the toilet trade? Unlike his stodgy forebear, W.C. IV prefers not to sit around waiting for things to happen. He can be found on his forty-two-foot oceangoing yacht *Windbreaker IV*, cutting the cheese at his Wisconsin dairy farm, or just relaxing with rock music (favorite singer: Elton John). But mostly, he just works—and works hard. "I sit down at 6:00 A.M. and often it's past 6:00 P.M. when I finally get up again," he reports. "But I'm usually so absorbed in my work that somebody has to be hammering on my door before I notice. I've got so much to get rid of, so much on my desk. As a matter of fact, my drawers are full right now."

Will W.C. Smith IV be able to administer the managerial enema Smith, Smith & Smith needs? If so, he and his stockholders will be able to breathe a giant sigh of relief. There's gold in them thar pills—if someone can just pull the cork and get the lead out.

Earnings at the family-dominated laxative empire suffer from chronic irregularity. Now there's a new man on the throne bent on squeezing out more profits—and if he can do the big job, he'll be sitting on a pot of gold.



Proving he's a regular guy, new Smith, Smith & Smith head man W. C. "Windy" Smith joins colleagues in a rump bull session early every morning. Though notorious for dropping the odd bombshell in these sessions, young Smith claims he does more listening than anything else. "I encourage everybody to bare everything and get it out of their systems," he says. "There's been too much noise around here, and not enough solid results." To that end, Smith recently announced plans to relieve the

company's stopped-up accounting procedures with a new IBM computer. Harsh medicine? "Sure," he admits, "but in laxatives, movement's the name of the game." The young executive then gazes up at the portrait of company founder and great-grandfather W. C. Smith and shakes his head. "The laxative story has changed since my great-grandfather's time," he observes. "Gone forever, down the drain for good, are the days when he could sit down every morning and work it out with a pencil."



THE BEAUTY OF POLLUTION:

**Factories
Are Picassos in the
Bold New "Effluvia
School" of Modern
Industrial Art**

by Rachel Carson

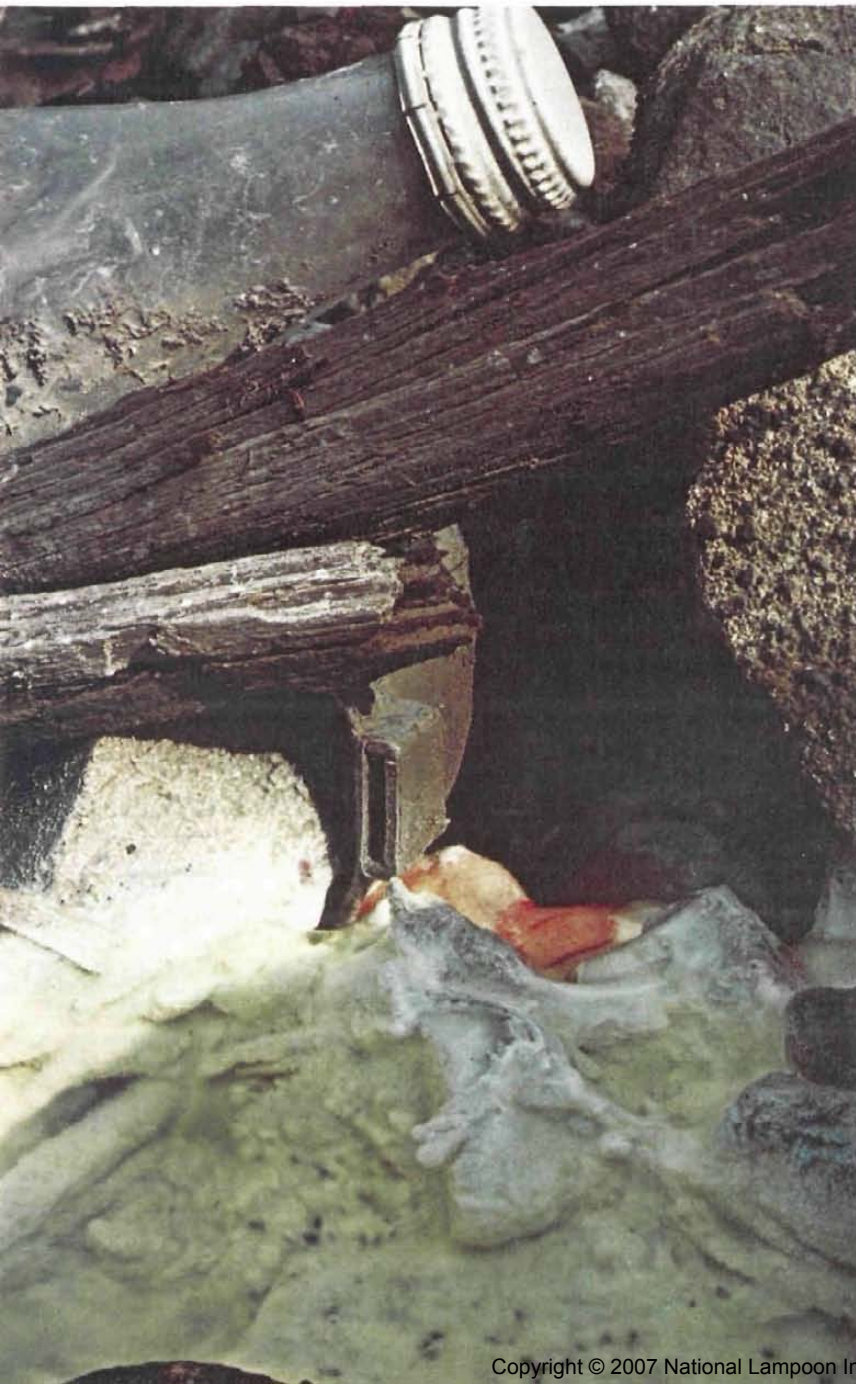
Their canvas can be this virgin forest, that bubbling brook. Their palettes drip chemical oxides and molten slag. Their brushes are fashioned from bulldozers. Smearing their gaudy creations in ever bolder and more confident swaths, America's industrial Picassos and Van Goghs are her snorting, belching factories. Like these human artists, industry's iron and smoke creators are always unsung and often ridiculed. But their reckless lust to trample under what *was* and impose what *is* has transformed an American landscape once hopelessly wedded to a pastoral "romantic" school of blue skies, green trees, and Nature worship into an oozing, bubbling, literally seething free-form gallery displaying what one mining PR man terms "corporate folk art" from sea to oil-splotched sea, Open All Nite, no admission charge. The Effluvia School's works festoon the land—from the lurid red *GAS EAT*

BEER sign ripping the still New Mexico night, to the flames over Cleveland that say the Cuyahoga River is once again afire; from the slashingly bold signature ripped across the West Virginia countryside to unmistakably herald the work of "Strip Mining," to the stark beauty of bird corpses on a California beach. The Effluvia School, moreover, is no effete, elitist movement, but a living art of and for the people, torn from the doomed and dying organisms in every State of the Union and splattered there for every American to drink in and breathe. It is irreversible, irresistible, seeping hourly deeper into the nation's very soil. Brown air such as no Homer ever limned; grey grass no Eakins ever knew; black water beyond the dreams of even a Pollock. The beauty of pollution—and best of all, it is beyond permanency. It is non-biodegradable.

photographs by Anthony Edgeworth



Petite particles of poisonous sulphur dioxides, at far left, swirl and rise heavenward in a bold but ephemeral collage of pattern and texture inspired by a blast furnace and rendered by a big, brawny chimney with no name. Let us call it *Bethlehem Steel Mill Number Five the Younger*, and award it an Honorable Mention. A daring Smoke School daub—but travelers tell of giants out Gary, Indiana, way, able to smear a whole sky before breakfast in colors no Rembrandt could know. The mini-masterpiece at left might be titled *Bottle Reclining on a Dried Mud Rug*. New Jersey School, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Instructor.



Mad as any Van Gogh, the anonymous artist whose work we see at left celebrates the triumph of Ooze over Nature; who, after all, this abstract seems to ask, is engulfing whom? Anonymous—but it might be our old friend Slag. Then again it might be his rival, Slurry. Or that rash newcomer, Petrochemical Runoff. Above, the recurring Effluvia School theme of death portrays an exquisite demise in the soft tones of a Japanese print. But beneath surfaces, hard-headed reality and the voice of Industry chiding another victim: "If Nature is so smart," it seems to snort rhetorically, "how come you're dead and pollution is alive???"



How Are You Today and Buy Our Mud

Economic progress all over this place, gasoline station now open Sundays. My people made me God and I appreciate it. Good times. Hello.

Message to U.S. Businessmen Direct from His Extremely Deluxe Self, Total Generalissimo Mr. Fitzroy Mgbtwdgo, Prop., Quintessential Republic of Labia

The Quintessential Republic of Labia has so much to sell to you. How about the pumping station? But problems remain.

His Extremely Deluxe Self Optimistic

Queen Sharleen will begin schooling at our national capital of Pudenda. My Deluxe Self has elected her Serene Queen Sharleen. In the footwear sector, nationalization of the shoe store is now satisfactorily underway. We pay top prices for Mercedes-Benz automobiles in new or used condition. Contact: Minister of Fleets, Pudenda, Labia.

I can see to it that should you choose to open up an airplane factory, Labian people work for free.

His Extremely Deluxe Self Pessimistic

My desire to marry Ambassador Shirley Temple Black is rejected, but on the industry front, there is no hope to repair my Buick. Meanwhile, such peace is in the Quintessential Republic that I am able to suspend the secret handshake.

Stern measures, however, continue to be necessary. What happened to Queen Sharleen's momma could happen to you.

His Extremely Deluxe Self More Optimistic

Loving me is the main industry of the Quintessential Republic. I give away free pictures. Our friendly customs lets you bring in 500,000 cigars duty free.

The Quintessential Republic is prepared to lease Mercedes-Benz automobiles in new or used condition. Contact: Minister of Fleets, Pudenda, Labia.

In the flyswatter sector, the report is delayed again.

His Extremely Deluxe Self More Pessimistic

I am going to quote from the annual report of my Finance Minister, which is me:

The Buick will cost \$850 (U.S.) to repair. Parts not delivered on C.O.D. basis. New plant investment in fiscal 1975 set back by bomb on roof. His Extremely Deluxe Self drives on right hand side of the road, all others on left. Ministry of Finance borrowed £12 from Senegalese Minister of Tourism.

U.S. investors in the Quintessential Republic are assured of a warm welcome. Average mean annual temperature 102 degrees Fahrenheit. We will split the taxi to Pudenda from the Mgbtwdgo International Airport.*

*This means you pay both halves.

His Extremely Deluxe Self More Optimistic and Less Pessimistically Inclined

The most popular hit songs of the Quintessential Republic in 1975 again are, "Seventy-Six Trombones," "Yellow Bird," "Mama Looka Booboo," "April Love," "Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear."

But all is not perfect. Worn main bearings of its engine now make the Buick smoke and slow to go and Queen Sharleen killed the cook.

Upput out and Output Put out of Bounds

I am informed by my Minister of Resources, which is me, that the Quintessential Republic is now self-sufficient in marmalade, hockey sticks, and clouds. Therefore, a holiday has been declared.

The Quintessential Republic is prepared to furnish a charming site for a weapons carrier factory in return for a Mercedes-Benz 450SEL Sedan. Contact: Minister of Fleets, Pudenda, Labia.

His Extremely Deluxe Self Optimistic Again

Like most developing nations of the Third World, the Quintessential Republic of Labia has on order three new Mercedes-Benz limousines. We stand together in fraternal solidarity, and that goes for sitting, too.

Besides being Total Generalissimo, my Deluxe Self is now also Supreme Rotarian of the Quintessential Republic. This calls for one more holiday.

In the chicken sector, a United Nations Poultry Commission survey recommends slower speeds by official limousines on Government business and forecasts an increased poultry yield in 1976 of 46 percent.

My Minister of Resources, which is my Deluxe Self, reports to me that production of salamanders in 1975 more than doubled the figure of the previous year. Mud and salamanders: partners in progress as the Quintessential Republic struggles to climb up from the mud and salamanders. But meanwhile, how are you today and buy our mud.

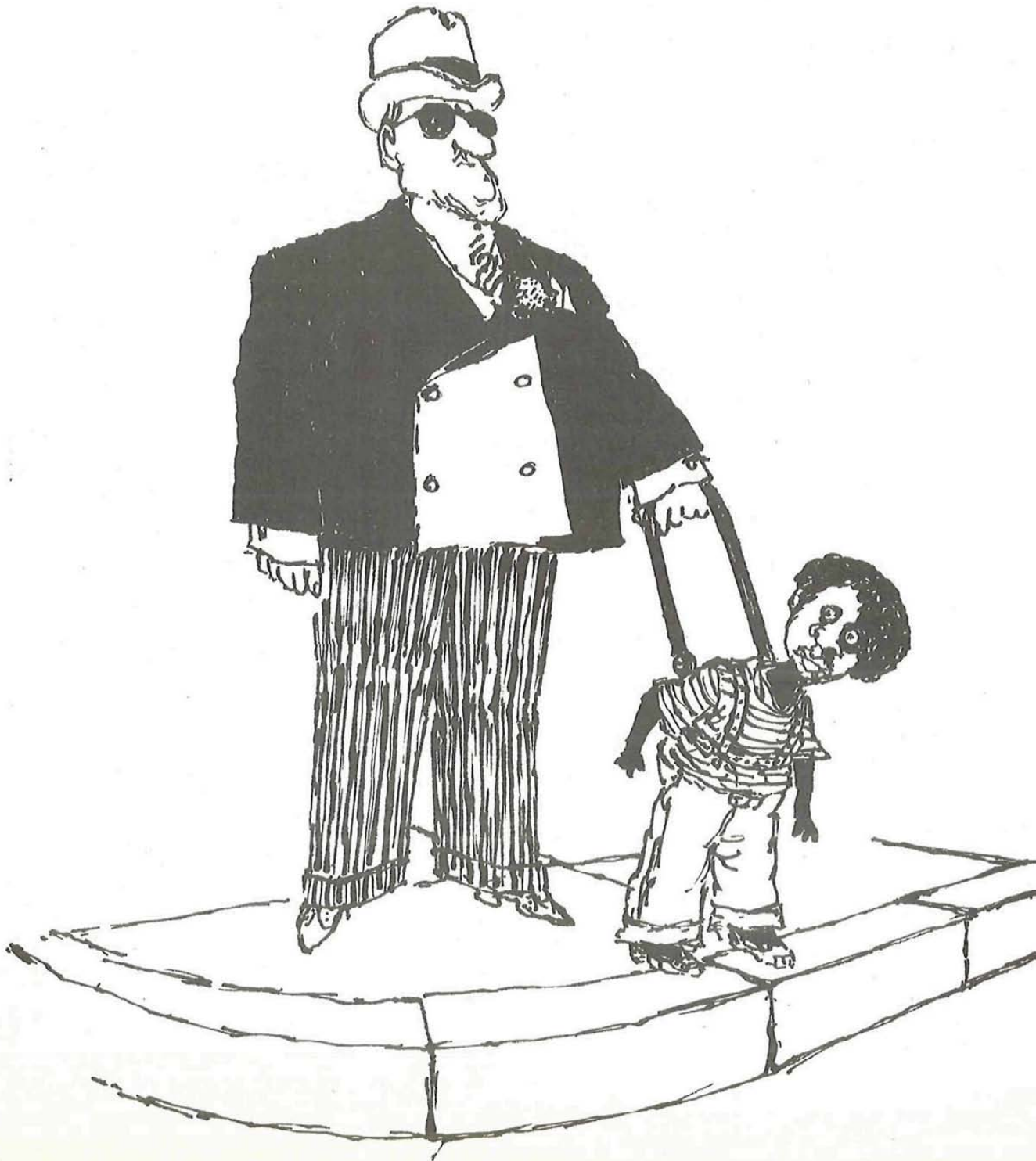
His Extremely Deluxe Self Has a Poem:

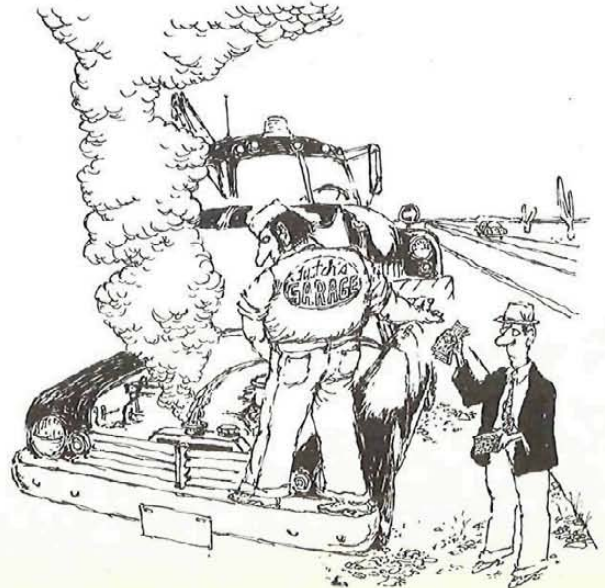
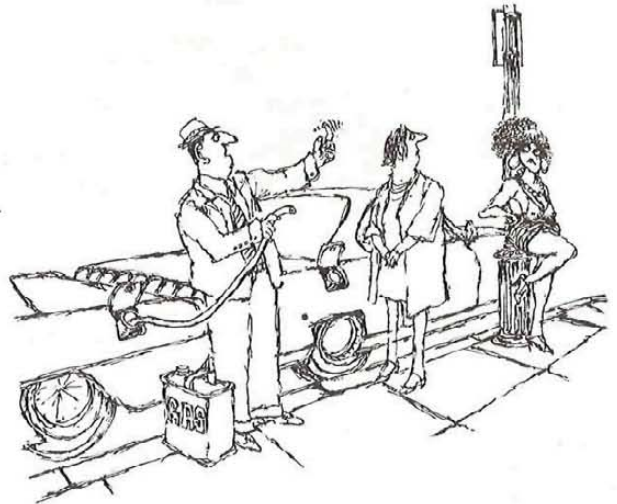
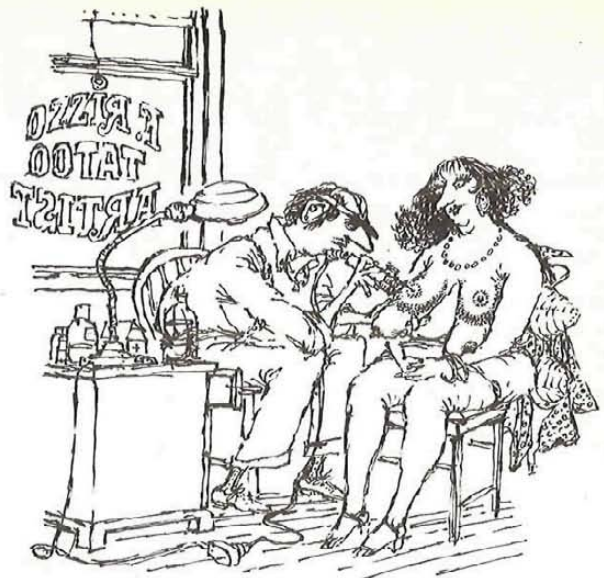
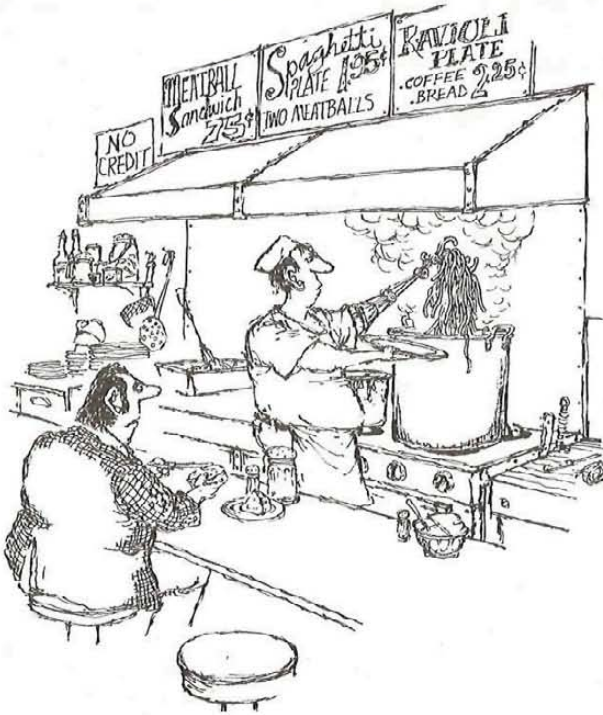
*How are you and buy our mud,
Thank you thank you kindly!
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even!
Onward Christian Soldiers
And Greetings Sir Rockefeller!*

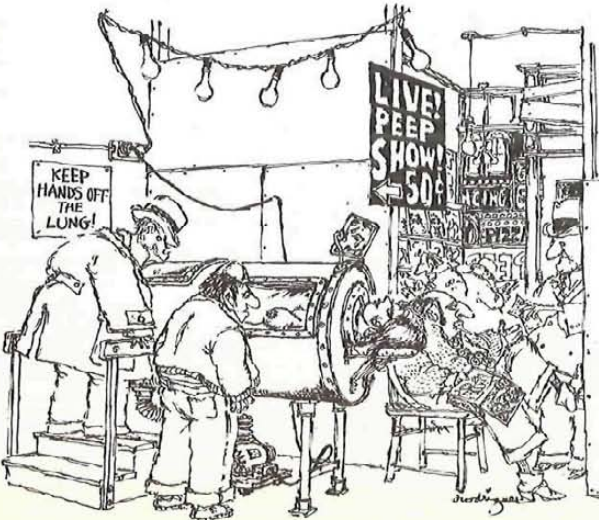
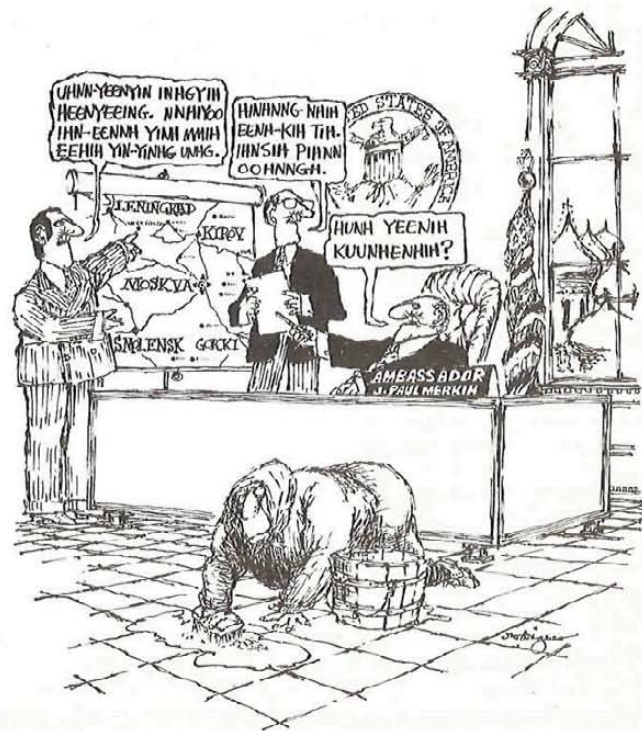
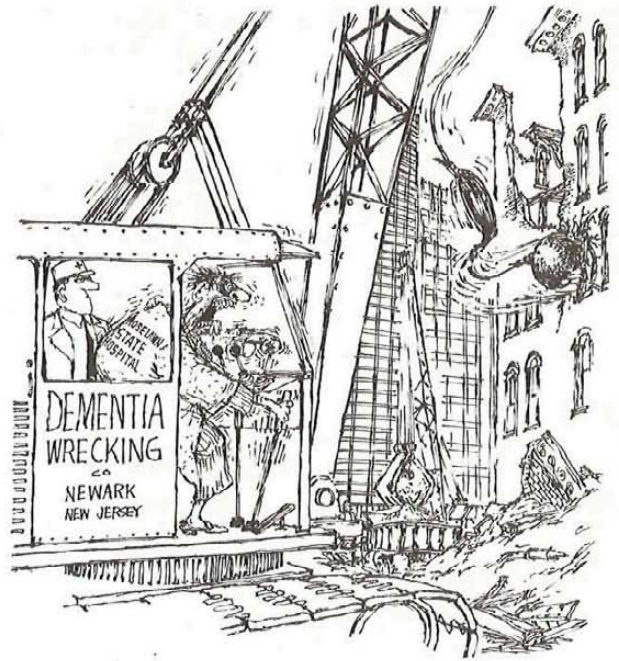
Businessman: For more information or possibly a date with Serene Queen Sharleen, call, toll-free, the Labian Legation to the League of Nations, c/o Fr. Schwindler, Basel, Schweiz.

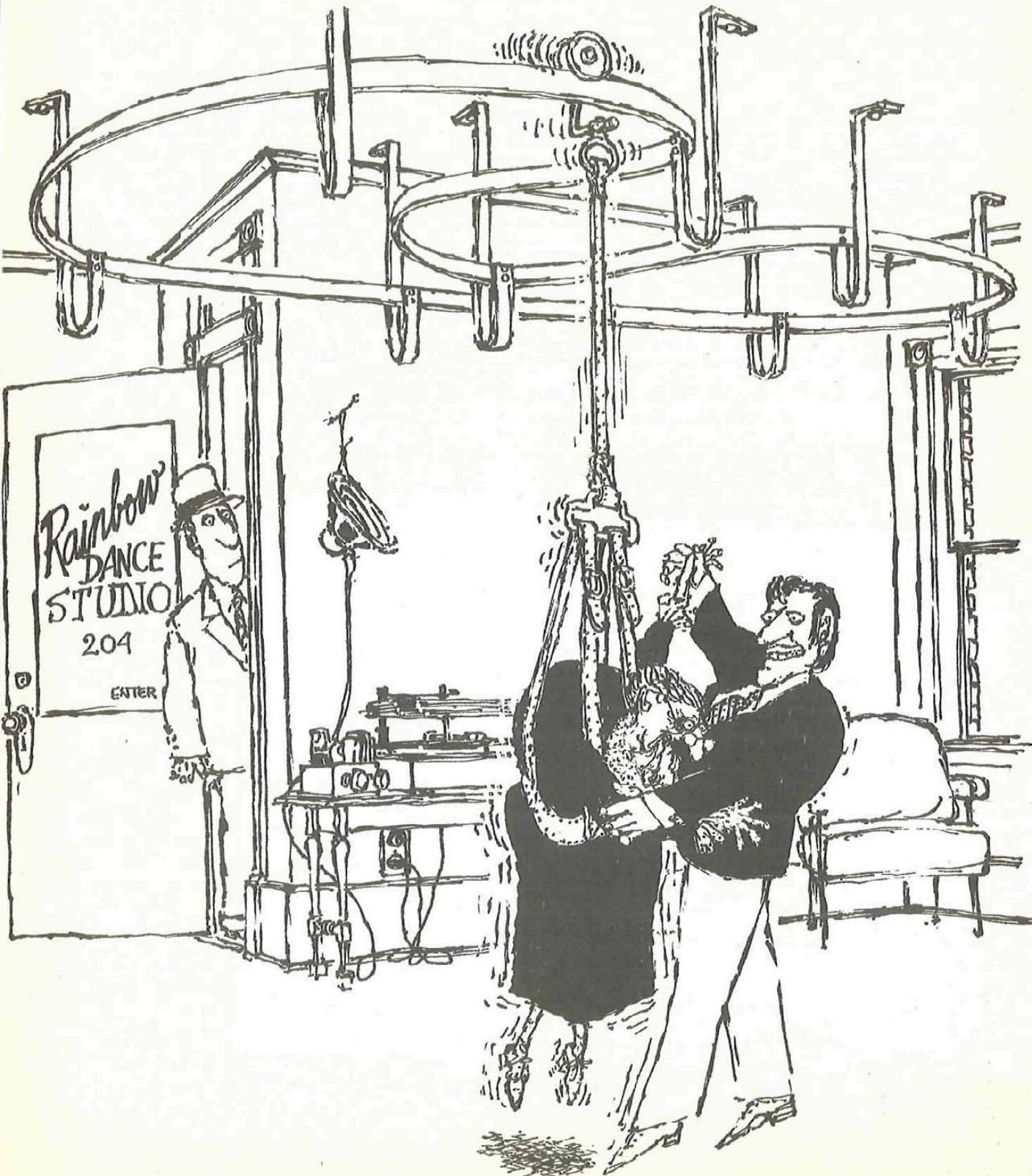
**"We are developing?
More quicker than Polaroid!"**

ENTREPRENEURS









The National Lampoon Guide to Effective Salesmanship

by Tony Hendra
and Gerald Sussman

Introduction

(Reading time: twenty-eight seconds.)

So you want to be a salesman? Congratulations! You have just made a decision that will place you in the very top drawer of humanity for the rest of your life. Why? Because salesmanship is everything. When a man goes down on bended knee to ask that "special someone" to be his forever, he's using salesmanship—and so is that "special someone" when she flutters her lashes or takes off her knickers. Every atom in the universe uses salesmanship—that's how everything stays together.

But salesmanship doesn't stop at keeping the earth spinning, and the trees growing, and the birds singing. Salesmanship improves. Salesmanship is the container that progress comes in.

For centuries, the wild-eyed inhabitants of Hawaii lived miserable lives. They had to barter for food and other essentials. They had few clothes or other possessions. They ate whenever they felt like it, and they had no financial resources whatsoever. But salesmanship arrived upon the scene and worked a miracle. Nowadays, Hawaiians wear suits and dresses, eat at the proper times, open bank accounts, and play basketball. They even have their very own U.S. senator in Washington, D.C.!

How Can I Become a Good Salesman?

(Reading time: thirteen seconds.)

If salesmanship is so crucial to life, it follows that being a salesman is more than a job. It's a privilege. The salesman must have many positive qualities to deserve his exalted position. But above all, he must have individualism.

Individualism, said the great Chinese philosopher and salesman, Lao-Tse, is like pissing in a white suit. It feels good, and it shows.

Today's salesman faces almost insuperable obstacles. Modern industrial society has so debased any form of craftsmanship that nothing is *worth* selling anymore, let alone buying. The salesman knows this as much as the buyer. Both are well aware that any product they might be discussing is either carcinogenic, obsolescent, lethally unsafe, addictive, pollutive,

totally unnecessary, or all of the above. Both are fully aware that any performance or economy ratings are either the chemically induced fantasies of a terminally horny adhuman or the result of parking lot payoffs to a quadraplegic regulatory agency. Lastly, of course, both salesman and client have no illusions about one another. Each realizes the life of fatuous self-deceit the other leads.

How, then, can a good salesman make a sale? The answer lies in two small words. Two small words that together make the one big principle of salesmanship today.

Blow job.

The Blow Job

(Reading time: forty-five seconds.)

(Rereading time: forty-five seconds.)

The single most important weapon of the salesman is his mouth. It is his mouth that he will wrap around the client's penis in order to clinch the sale. His mouth, in fact, is where the money is.

But the blow job is not a simple matter of sucking, nipping, and licking the prospect's private parts until he pops his load, or "order," as it's known in trade circles, down the salesman's throat. Every quality that the salesman displays at all other points of the selling process must be displayed here also.

For instance, some clients may favor a particularly discreet approach, quiet and conservative, in which neither party really acknowledges that a blow job is being given. In this case, the salesman may be required to make conversation, or at least nod and smile in the right places at the same time as he is servicing his client. Others—particularly those with any sort of legal background—may prefer the "deep throat" technique. Still others like to have various objects, slide rules and telephones, for instance, shoved up their anuses during the blow job, a technique many salesmen refer to as their "bottom line."

Admiral Zumwalt, who still does much of the most important purchasing for the U.S. Navy, has a habit of sticking sharpened pencils into the ears of his salesmen during their blow jobs, to keep their heads erect and their minds on the matter in hand.

The good salesman must be prepared for all these eventualities, and many more. In short, in the immortal words of Peter Abelard: "Give good head and get ahead good."

continued

The Wrong Approach The Right Approach



Selling Yourself

Although salesmanship is the lifeblood of the universe, its most concentrated use is in the business world. You may wish to practice salesmanship in some other milieu, but for most people, the first step towards becoming a salesman is getting a job as a salesman.

This is not as easy as it sounds. You can't just walk into the office of a respected member of the business community, who may be used to being blown by some of the best salesmen in the area several times a day, and say, "Hi—I'm a salesman." You have to prove it.

And the way to prove it is by selling yourself.

You are your first product. You may not be your best product. You may even loathe yourself, for a variety of reasons, not the least being that you've decided to become a salesman. But that doesn't matter. The kind of job you do in selling yourself, however dishonest, incompetent, or stupid you may be, tells your prospective employer immediately what kind of job you'll do at unloading the shoddy rubbish he manufactures.

"If you can't sell yourself," said J. Pierpont Morgan, "you can't sell shit."

The job interview falls into two stages. In the first of these, you must remember the three *ps*: *promptness*, *persistence*, and *poise*. Here you must tell your prospective employer who you are, what your experience is, and why you should be entitled to take home a small part of his hard-earned money every week. The key to this part of your presentation is lying. It makes little or no difference what you tell him you've accomplished. He knows you are lying, and that your resume is lying, just as you know he is lying about his company's performance or how important his products are. Even if you aren't lying, he will assume you are, so you may just as well lie away just as hard as you can.

But you must deliver the lies with promptness, persistence, and poise, never wincing or twitching or being caught in an inconsistency, such as saying you have worked for thirty years for a large aerospace company and giving your age as twenty-three. Make your lies work for you, but don't overwork them. And remember: Truth doesn't sell.

Two applicants were being interviewed for a position as salesman at the prestigious Sealy Mattress Company some years ago. Applicant A was absolutely truthful about his schooling and his experience in the business world. His answers to questions were brief and uninteresting. His attitude was cold and straightforward.

Applicant B said he was a Rhodes Scholar who had been trained at the world-famous Mattress Institute in Pea, Austria, and had extensive experience selling electric blankets in Chad. His personality was upbeat, involved, and clearly dishonest.

Applicant B got the job, and went on to become one of the major salesmen of Sealy Posturepedic in the Portland, Oregon territory.

Applicant A failed to get the job, and went on to become the notorious and penniless Ralph Nader.

Why Three Ps?

Some brighter readers may now be asking, "But why must we go through all of this when we already know what really counts?" The answer is simple. Business is a respectable, decent profession. It is the backbone of our society. It must present a clean-cut, moderate, and responsible image to that society. And so, like

that society, it has its rules.

Look at it this way. If you are in a singles bar, attempting to insinuate yourself into the company of an attractive young lady, you don't piss on her foot or punch her in the kidneys. You are courteous, thoughtful, and polite, even though within the hour you hope to be shoving your tongue up her anus while coming in her armpit.

Salesmanship is a lot like that.

Beating out the Competition

(Reading time: thirty seconds.)

(Bathroom reading time: ten minutes.)

We now arrive at what has often been called the blow job interview. Nothing is more important. In the next few minutes—or depending on the number of applicants, the next hour or so—you will make an indelible mark on your future boss. It will probably be the most grueling blow job you will ever give, and for many, it may even be the first time that a male organ has been in your mouth. But if you can come through the ordeal, you will hold up your head proudly forever after.

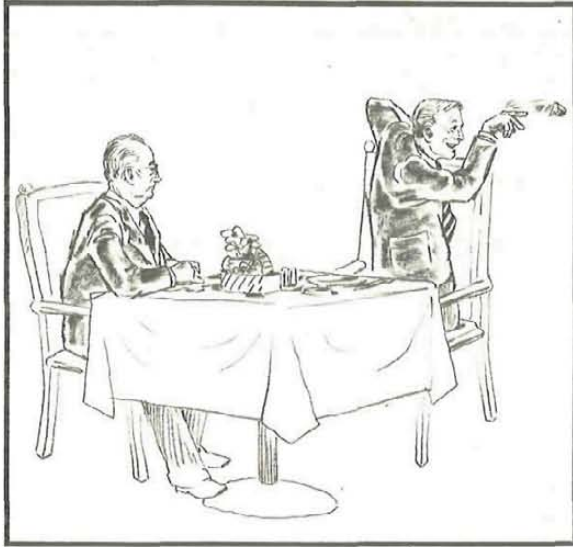
Many interviewers, particularly those who select salesmen for large companies, carry an elaborate form during this part of the operation, which they fill out while you are slurping away. This means that their minds are not, as a client's will be, on the pleasurable aspects of the blow job, but rather on the intricacies of his form, and on assessing your performance, detail by detail.

In addition, most interviewers put potential salesmen through *all* their paces in this instance, rating tongue work, use of incisors and molars, ability to "deep throat," gag-frequency, handwork, ball-manipulation, rhythm, and so on, even though use of all these techniques is rare in a selling situation, unless it involves Arabs. Some interviewers will even deliberately not wash their privates for several days prior to interviews. On no account recoil from the odor or remark upon it. If the interviewer asks you questions about your reaction, insist that you prefer it that way. Remember that for now, the interviewer is a customer. And the customer is always right, even if he's dripping with smegma.

Any questions that the interviewer asks of you during the course of the blow job should be answered clearly. Don't mumble. Keep the rhythm steady with your hand. Talking with your mouth full is bad manners.

Never answer any questions or make any remarks in a "coy" or "amorous" manner. And never, never get, or even pretend to get, "excited" or "hot." Speak pleasantly and go about your business in a cool, professional manner. Bear in mind that interviewers are always on the lookout for any signs of homosexuality. Finally, if you find yourself in a situation where you are being interviewed along with another man, or even several others, be aggressive and imaginative in making sure that you are the first to get his penis in your mouth. Free enterprise has no time for pussycats. If necessary, block or push the others out of the way, or even grab the interviewer with a flying tackle. A man has only one penis. And if it's not in your mouth, it's in someone else's.

The Wrong Approach The Right Approach



Landing Your Prospect and Selling Him

The key to salesmanship is groveling.
But you've got to do it with style.

John Connally

Before you make that all-important call to your prospective customer, here are a few basic rules to follow if you're going to be a top-notch salesman:

1. Organize your time!

Time can be your best friend or your bitterest enemy. Make the most of it. The late Thomas Watson, president of IBM, used to conclude a meeting of his sales executives by pulling out a small revolver and shooting one of them in the arm (inflicting only a small flesh wound, of course). He used this demonstration to illustrate a point about time. "The flesh wound I gave [name of salesman] is a reminder that life is short, that anyone of us can die at any minute," said Watson. "And if we continue to put things off, to use our time unwisely, we'll never accomplish what we set out to do."

Along the same lines, Harold Geneen, president of ITT, likes to hide bombs in the offices of his top vice-presidents to remind them that time is of the essence. So how about planting little "time bombs" on yourself? Keep bombing yourself with reminders that will make you well-organized and efficient.

2. Organize your work!

Keep your paperwork in apple pie order. That means all your account records, your appointment calendar, data sheets, correspondence, daily reports, weekly reports, price lists, order forms, sales reports, statistics, personal expenses, promotional literature, and follow-up data. Juan Trippe, former president of Pan-American Airways, used to make a practice of inspecting his employees' desks after hours to see how well organized they were. If he found an especially neat desk, he would leave a Chiclet on it (one of his company's products). If an employee garnered 365 Chiclets in a year, he automatically got a five dollar a week raise!

3. Organize your mouth!

Good salesmanship depends on good oral communication. And good oral communication depends a great deal on the condition of your mouth, especially your lips. Always keep your lips soft and manageable. If they're chapped or have cold sores, use plenty of Chap Stick or Vaseline. Remember: Chapped lips can chafe your customer's sensitive skin when you're giving him that all-important blow job that will clinch your sale.

And speaking of blow jobs, don't forget to practice every day. If you can't find a live partner, use a dildo, a cucumber, or other suitably shaped object. Practice *does* make perfect!

Calling Your Prospect

The Phone Pitch

1. Always identify yourself as the president of your company. It makes a very good opening impression. Think positive, and think big. You *do* want to be the president someday, don't you?
2. A Little White Lie (it helps to get your foot in the door).

Sometimes you have to tell a little white lie if it helps

get you an appointment or a lunch date with an important prospect. Don't hesitate to use one, especially since you've already identified yourself as president of your company. Here's a sure-fire method to get a new customer:

SALESMAN: Hello, Mr. Jones? This is Gerald Sussman, president of [name of company]. I'd like to talk to you about your next [name of product] purchase. You say you don't need any [name of product] at the moment? Not even if I gave you the best blow job you ever had?

No one can resist a blow job.

SALESMAN: It's our get-acquainted offer to our new customers. Would you like to hear more about it? Fine! How about lunch next Tuesday? Say, 12:30 at the Grill Room? Fine. See you then!

*Soft sell, hard sell... what's the big deal?
There's only good sell.*

Voltaire

Selling your prospect is the easiest thing in the world. Once you've broken the ice and engaged in some small talk, some sophisticated conversation, and, perhaps, told a few risqué jokes, you're ready for your sales pitch.

At this point, many salesmen go into high gear and do a beautiful selling job, but discover later that the promised order never materialized! Why? Two reasons. (1) Overconfidence. (2) Preoccupation with themselves and their products. Yes, in his desire to sell, a salesman can *overidentify* with himself and his product and forget to identify with the most important part of his pitch, *his customer*—thus endangering the sale itself!

The Salesman's Safeguard: The Four Ls

Listen

Listen sympathetically when your customer talks. Never interrupt or argue or disagree with him.

Look

Always maintain eyeball contact.

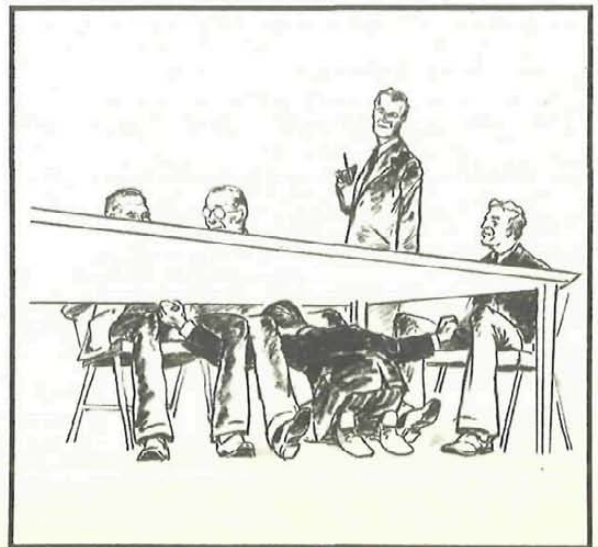
Love

Some people call it "empathy." We're not ashamed to call it by its rightful name. Of course, it's not the same kind of love you have for your wife and children or your parents or even your best friends, but it's a very genuine feeling you should convey, a desire to please, to be of service, to fulfill your customer's needs. And the best way to show him how you feel is to give him that all-important blow job. Lee Iacocca, president of the Ford Motor Company, used to exhort his executives with the slogan, "Put your mouth where your money is...blow that sale!"

Little Things

Most customers remember the little things even more than the big sales pitch, those little touches of courtesy that are the perfect way to close the lunch. For instance, after a blow job, your customer's penis will probably drip a little. Why not carry a small towel or paper towelettes, so you can wipe him dry? Or, if you're lingering over coffee and a brandy, why not offer him another blow job? Or a rim job? He may decline, but he'll surely be impressed with your graciousness and unselfish enthusiasm, impressed enough to give you an order!

The Wrong Approach The Right Approach



Closing the Sale

You've done all the spadework. Now you come to your final hurdle—closing the sales presentation. Your big moment. Five or more pairs of steely eyes bore into you. As many sharp and finely honed brains are sizing you up from head to toe. However easy your job may have been at a lower level, there's nothing you can put over these men. They are the toughest, shrewdest executives in the company: the Chairman of the Board, the President, and the Vice-Presidents. They are in that boardroom for a reason.

Get Down to Going Down

These men are seasoned businessmen. They've seen and heard presentations like yours until they can recite them back to your face. You may even notice some of their lips moving along with yours as you make your pitch. They know that whatever you're hawking is no better or worse than all the other mediocre rubbish they see every other hour of every other day. They know that you have to go through the formality of doing a puff-job on your product. In fact, the worse your product is, the longer and more stupid they expect the puff-job to be. Why not give them a pleasant surprise? Don't bother!

The Pecker-Order

You must, however, make some kind of presentation to the company executives if only to identify who you are, and what you're selling, and what you're doing there. Use these precious seconds to size up the pecker-order. The pecker-order determines how you will proceed at the second stage of your presentation, or the amount of attention you will give to different men. If you have been introduced to the Chairman or the President or both, remember carefully who they are. Most companies will not do this, however, preferring to leave it to you to sort out who is whom.

How Do I Determine the Pecker Order?

Good. We're glad you asked. One sure-fire method is to observe any little services one executive may perform for one another. Many junior executives carry pocket whisk-brooms to dust off the shoulders of their superiors. Others keep small shoeshine boxes handy to buff their superiors' shoes. In today's relaxed times, many executives like to put their feet on the table during a presentation, so they cannot afford to have dingy footwear.

However, the most important method of determining the pecker-order is to be on the lookout for what we call "corporate head." This is the *internal* pecker-order, or who blows whom within a given company. There is an excellent chance that during your presentation, the Chairman will be blown by the President, the President by the Senior Vice-President, and so on down the line. It is essential, therefore, during your presentation, to keep an eye out for any empty chairs.

The Blow Job—Ready, Set, Come!

Let's say you have five executives at your sales presentation. How are you going to satisfy all five? Answer—*organization, discipline, imagination*. Above all, keep your head when all around are getting theirs.

Who's on First?

This is a question constantly asked by young salesmen before their first sales presentation. The first, always, is the Chairman of the Board. There are no exceptions to this rule. The others must wait their turn.

But what, you may say, about a Chairman of the Board who likes to watch? The chances of this are ab-

solutely minimal. People who like to watch don't get to be Chairman of the Board. These men are doers, get-aheaders. Furthermore, they're always decent, respectable family men, who frown on perversions such as voyeurism. So never deviate from this rule, unless on the express orders of a Chairman of the Board. (But make sure he is the Chairman of the Board before you comply.)

What's on Second?

You have a problem. The Chairman may just have been blown by the President. He may take a half hour or more to climax. He's generally going to be older than the others. He could take hours. Are the other members of the board going to sit around twiddling their thumbs until he's done? No, Mr. Salesman! Here are some tips:

1. *The four-and-one.* You can keep the others happy while you're doing the Chairman with this simple technique. Take the penises of the President and the Senior Vice-President in each hand, and commence giving them slow but pleasant hand jobs. They should be slow because (a) the Chairman may take hours to come; and (b) because you don't want them to come in your hand. (Out the window goes that sale!) Meanwhile, kick off your shoes and commence to diddle the junior two with each foot. It is a good idea to wear loafers on such occasions and to paint socks on your feet. Black is best, and be sure to paint executive-length socks, not ankle-length. When the Chairman is through, proceed to blow the President while maintaining the Senior Vice-President's hand job. Begin to give the next executive in line a hand job with your free hand, while diddling the lowest with *both* feet. When the President is done, proceed to the Senior Vice-President and give the other two hand jobs. This leaves you with two feet free. It is a good idea to use them to diddle the Chairman and the President in their afterglow. Use your hands once they are free. It's these little touches that will get you the sale.
2. *The three-and-two.* This technique is especially useful for firms where the distinctions between the top three officers is not clear (as, for instance, in a family firm such as the Chase Manhattan Bank). Take all three senior members in your mouth. Do the other two by hand. It's as simple as that. If for some reason, the members are so thick that you can only get two in, do two others by hand and one with both feet. In any event never allow yourself to have an idle limb. In going down, there's no such things as downtime.

The legendary Charles Revson of Revlon, Inc., once had to make a presentation to the entire board of the nation's largest drug chain. Fifteen men confronted him across the table. Undaunted, Revson, who practiced relentlessly at enlarging his mouth by sucking footballs, took all five senior officers in his mouth, two more in his armpits, two more by hand, diddled two with his feet, nuzzled two with head, and caressed the other two with the inside of his thighs. Sounds tough? Sure it was—but that's what salesmen are made of. (P.S. Revson clinched the sale.)

Well, that's it. From here on, you're on your own. And remember:

Use your head!
Blow that sale!

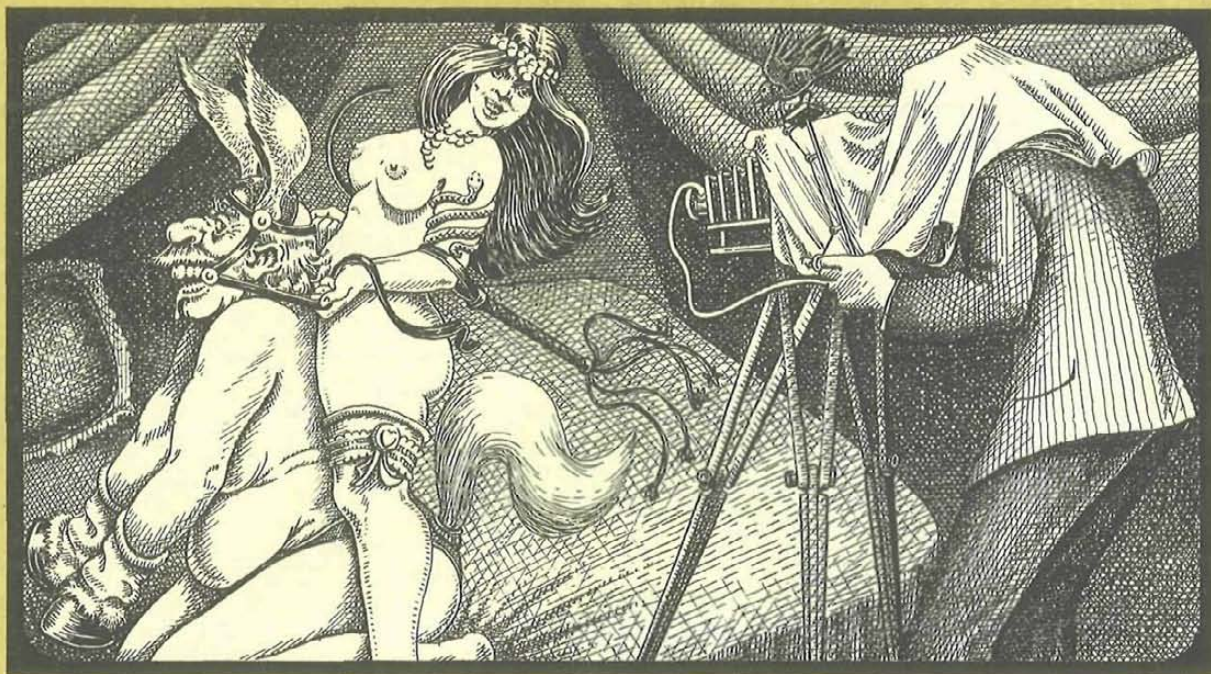
Dementia AMERICANA

A folio of vignettes recreating, in word and picture, events both great and small during the glorious age of excess.

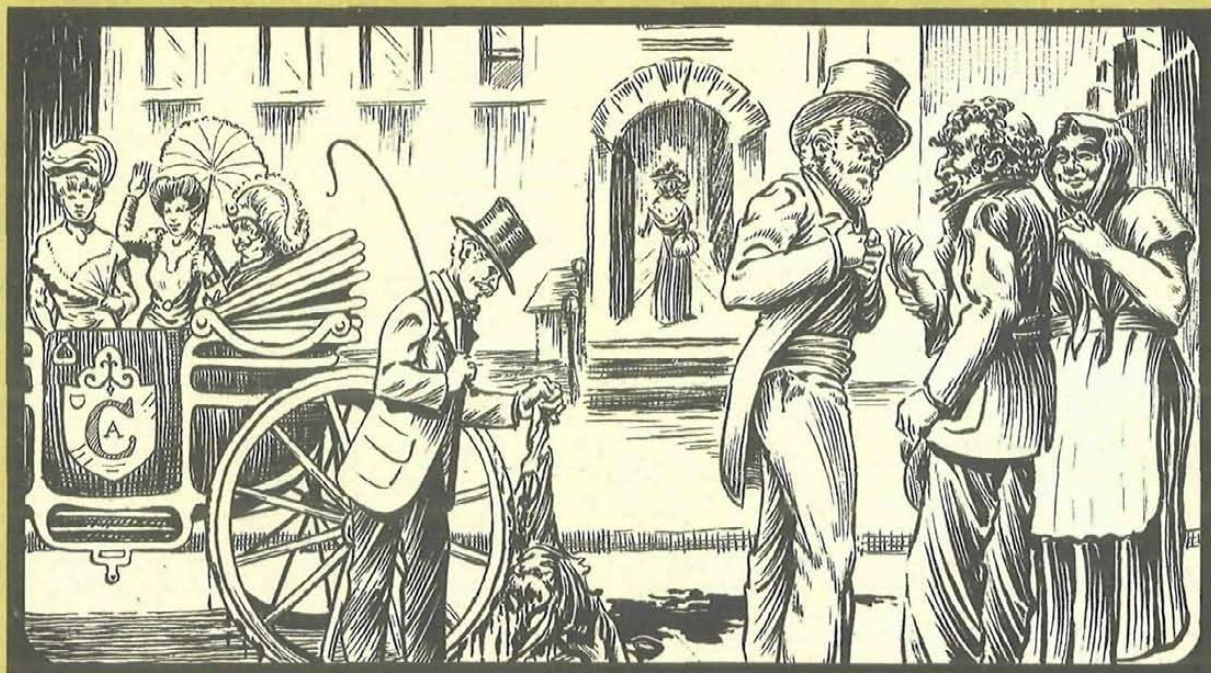


Revealed at last!... The infamous panic of 1907 was masterminded by the dread Illuminati, a secret organization of renegade Zionists and Freemasons bent on world domination. Their twisted plot to bring America to her economic knees was singlehandedly foiled by J.P. Morgan, patriot and financier, who, on the very morning that Wall Street was slated to crash, formed yet another great corporate trust.

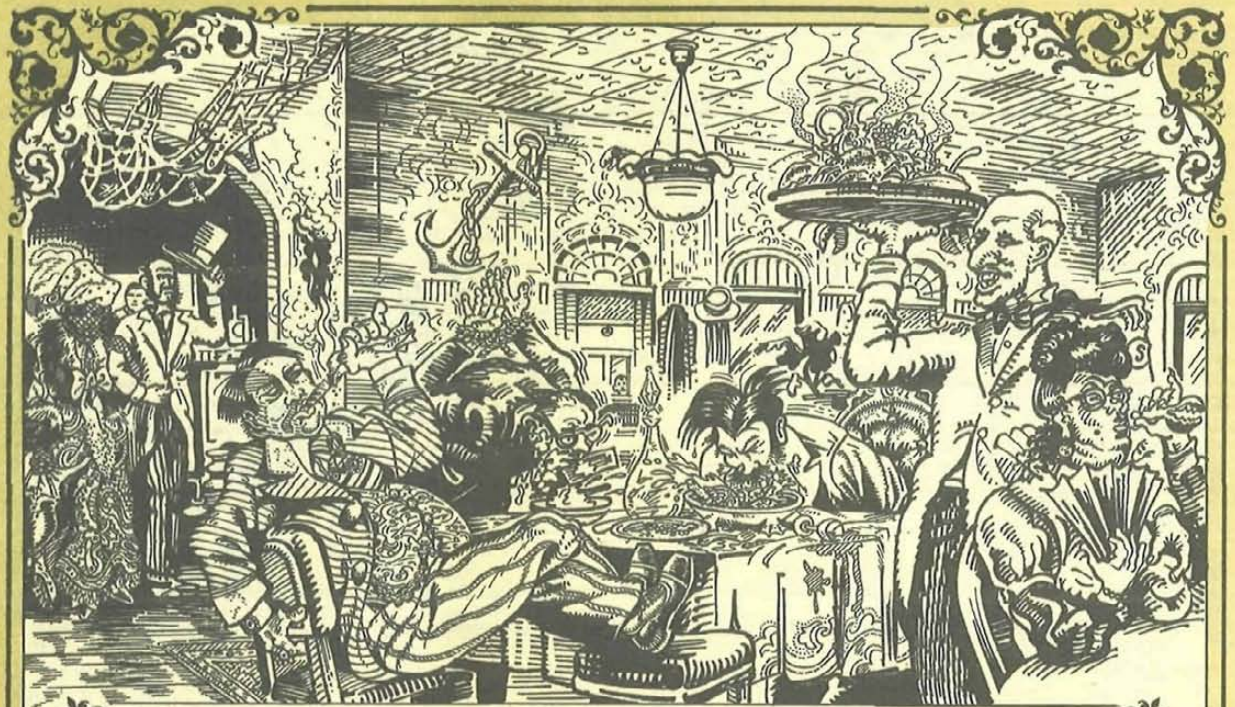
Script/illustration copyright © 1975, J. Osborne, S. Clay Wilson, Spain, Justin Green, and Kim Dietch. Produced by Keith Green



O.E. Anderson, head of Chicago's largest meat packing firm, engaged the notorious demimondaine "Little Egypt" to accompany him in a series of "exotic" photographic views. The undisclosed but exorbitant cost of this session compelled Mr. Anderson to fill a government beef contract with meat of questionable quality.



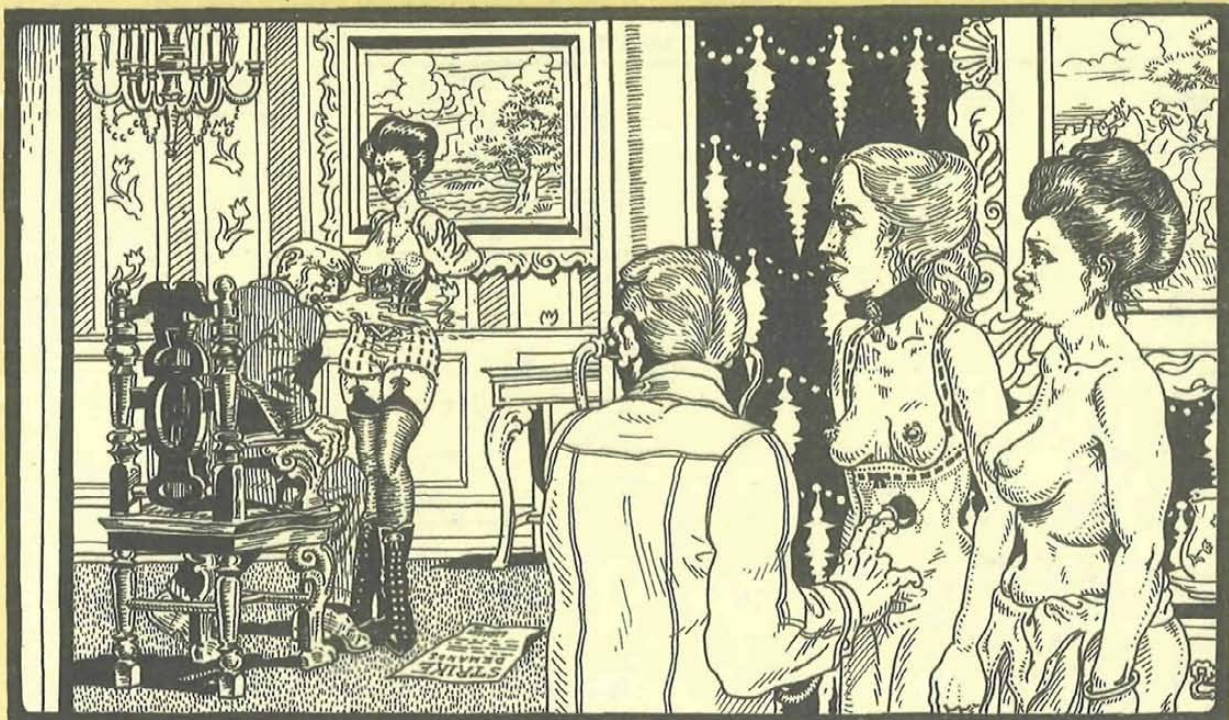
Charity on the Sidewalks of Old New York...As the Carnegie entourage sped down Fifth Avenue, a street urchin failed to heed the coachman's warning to stand clear and was dashed beneath the wheels of the carriage. In a customary show of benevolence, Mr. Carnegie ordered his carriage to halt long enough to award the swarthy parents of the little immigrant more than enough hard American cash to cover the child's funeral expenses.



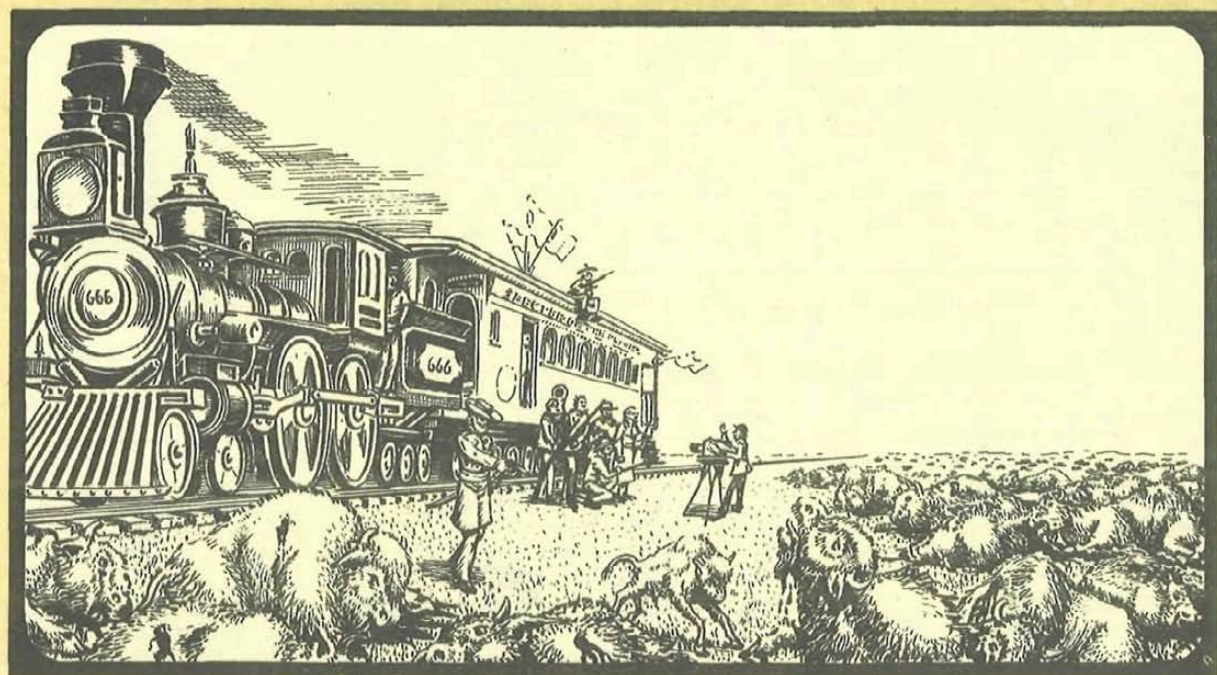
Above, "Diamond Jim" Brady, bon-vivant and self-made millionaire, hosts two Philaddpian bankers to luncheon at the fabulous Sweets' restaurant. One bobs for century notes in clam dip ~ his associate goes for live turtles to cancel an I.O.U. Below, riff-raff give vent to their bestiality in a nameless "Stale-Beer Hall." ca 1905



1975 © JUSTIN GREEN. SCLBY WILSON AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO LADY CAIRE ©



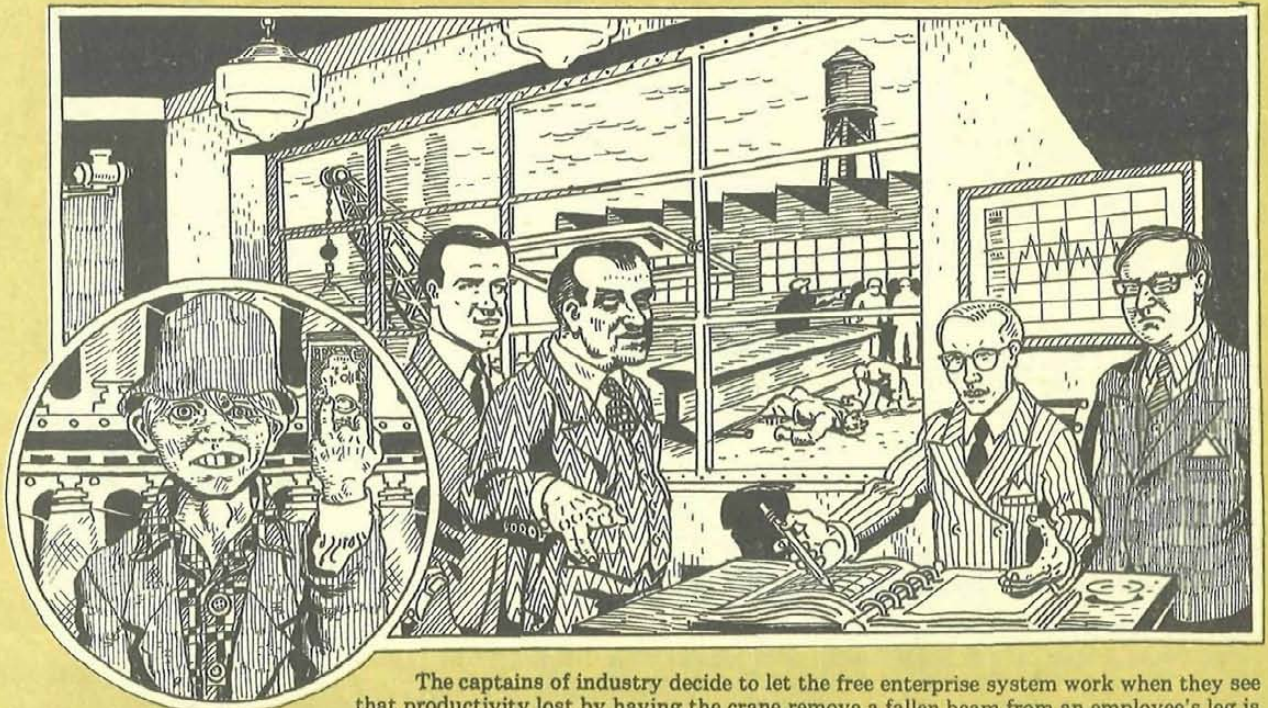
John D. Rockefeller is convulsed with rage and indignation when he notices a mezuzah around the neck of a woman whose breast he's been sucking (thought to promote longevity). His outraged Baptist sensibilities on that late April evening in 1914 are thought to have prompted his instructions to the junior Rockefeller to call out the army on strikers in Ludlow, Colorado.



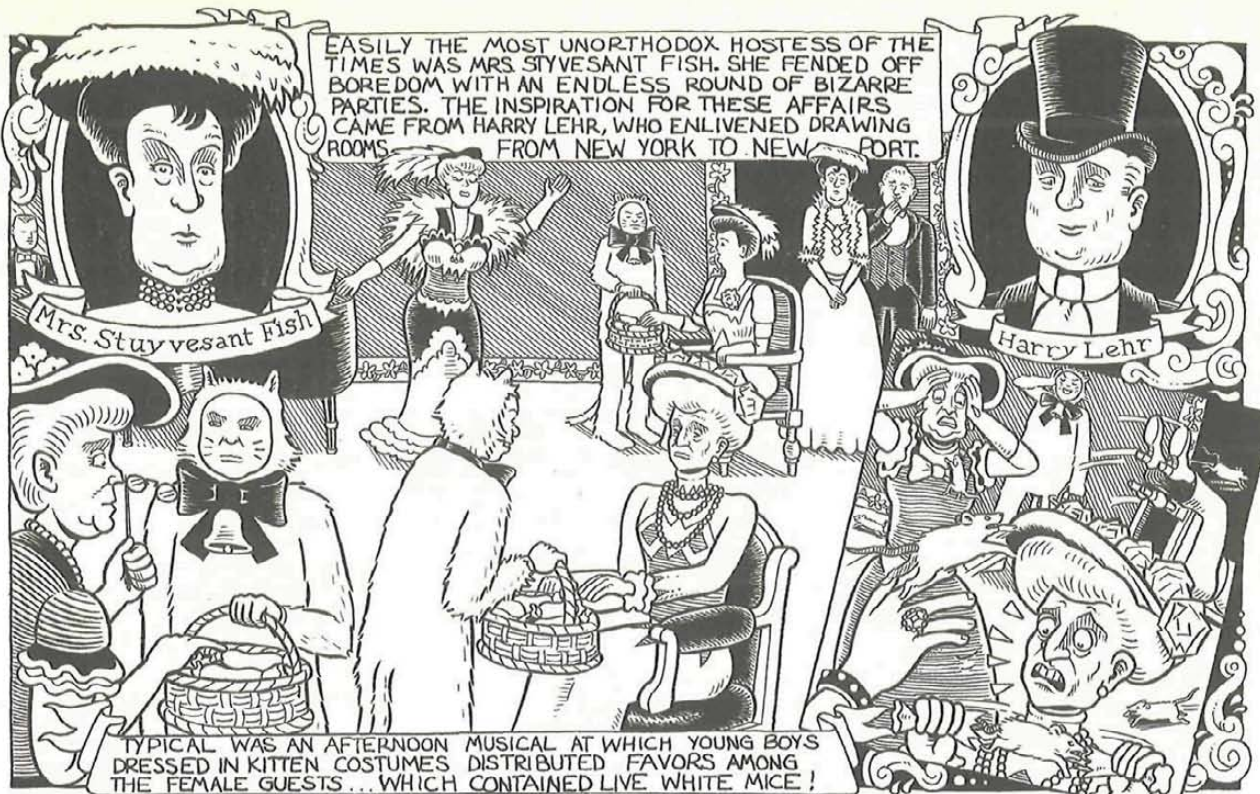
Good Sport by the Tracks of the Kansas Pacific...General Sheridan's first invitational "millionaire hunt" was, by all reports, a smashing success. President Chester A. Arthur, an honored member of the party and an excellent marksman, bagged eighty-six of the beasts in one afternoon. The five-day hunt was conducted from General Sheridan's champagne and caviar-laden private pullman coach, *Specter of the Plains*. A jolly good time was had by all, and plans were laid for future hunts along the nation's railways.



The *Titanic*, April 14, 1912. Passengers from steerage clamor unsuccessfully to interfere with the heroic performance of the crew in saving much of the valuable cargo by attempting to board lifeboats out of turn, and have to be restrained by the ship's officers.

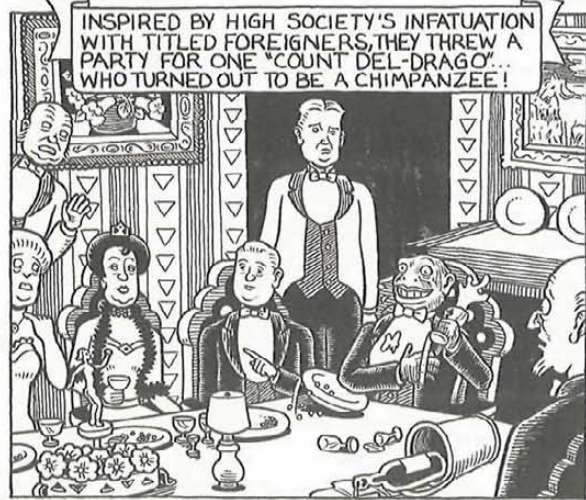


The captains of industry decide to let the free enterprise system work when they see that productivity lost by having the crane remove a fallen beam from an employee's leg is greater than the cost of an amputation; the lucky lad in the circle is the recipient of the benefits of the uncumbered marketplace when he receives a generous \$10 per finger lost in various industrial accidents.



EASILY THE MOST UNORTHODOX HOSTESS OF THE TIMES WAS MRS STUYVESANT FISH. SHE FENDED OFF BOREDOM WITH AN ENDLESS ROUND OF BIZARRE PARTIES. THE INSPIRATION FOR THESE AFFAIRS CAME FROM HARRY LEHR, WHO ENLIVENED DRAWING ROOMS. FROM NEW YORK TO NEW YORK PORT.

TYPICAL WAS AN AFTERNOON MUSICAL AT WHICH YOUNG BOYS DRESSED IN KITTEN COSTUMES DISTRIBUTED FAVORS AMONG THE FEMALE GUESTS... WHICH CONTAINED LIVE WHITE MICE!

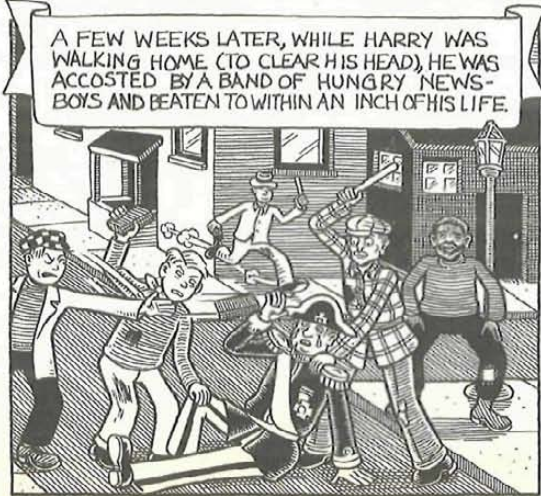


INSPIRED BY HIGH SOCIETY'S INFATUATION WITH TITLED FOREIGNERS, THEY THREW A PARTY FOR ONE "COUNT DEL-DRAGO"... WHO TURNED OUT TO BE A CHIMPANZEE!



THE LAST STRAW CAME WHEN THEY THREW A FILET MIGNON DINNER FOR SOCIETY'S PETS... DOGS, THAT IS, AND IN THE MIST OF AN ECONOMIC DEPRESSION!

\$15,000.00
DIAMOND COLLAR



A FEW WEEKS LATER, WHILE HARRY WAS WALKING HOME (TO CLEAR HIS HEAD), HE WAS ACCOSTED BY A BAND OF HUNGRY NEWS-BOYS AND BEATEN TO WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE.



SENSING THAT TIMES WERE CHANGING, HE FLED TO FRANCE. WORD SOON FILTERED BACK THAT HE HAD LOST HIS MIND.



WHEN MRS. FISH HEARD THE NEWS, SHE SENT HIM THIS NOTE...

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish
Sweet Lamb,
Come home!
You know you
don't need a
mind to go
with the
people of
our set.
Love, Mama Fish

LETTER,
SIR.

Savage Christmas



A Yuletide Garland
by
R. Bruce Moody

God Bless Us Every One!



es, it is Scrooge's day of atonement, and what a bird it is he brings to the house of Bob Cratchit! And what surprised eyes there are around the table! And how old Bob leaps up, flushed with embarrassment, to dust off the best chair! And how Mrs. C. curtsies and bobs! And how the youngsters laugh and welcome him! And how Tiny Tim doth clap his tiny hands to see him come round at last!

And the bird is splendid! It is a vast bird, with a bosom, yes, an uncorseted bird, a duchess of a bird, a veritable galleon of a bird! But a bird as young as she is full-blown. And she is *stuffed!*

They all ask him to stay, old Scrooge, but Scrooge has many an errand of similar mercy now to perform in the neighborhood, and he forestalls them, much as they beseech him and pull his very own coattails (making so bold), and pretend to drop a tear that he won't (making so coy). But won't *is* what he won't, and he skitters out the door.

The bird is piping hot from the pie-man, and they all gather to, and bend their heads in solemn grace:—but little Tim peeks up as though the bird should vanish when his eyes were closed (he who should have thought, young sinner, that it

would vanish with them open!). But there it still is—crisp and savory and ready to be dived into and divided with the great sharp carving knife which old Bob wipes clean on his coattails and now plunges in.

The bird explodes, and, as Scrooge had filled it with sulphuric acid, everyone is immediately blinded. Retinas vanish. Faces turn to suet. A crutch dissolves. The Cratchits scream into the stinking air as though their shrieks would return their flesh to their cheeks, and clutch at the fumes that were their skins. Wails grip the candles and they go out:—but the fireplace burns the merrier, and the clangor and cries are taken for Yuletide revelry by passers-by, a festive hilarity long due the Cratchits; and no one stops; no one but Scrooge, that is, whose nose is pressed to the window pane looking in like a child at a shop full of jumping jacks. Alas, though, his view is despoiled by the acid which eats away the transparency of the glass, beclouding *his* vision, too. He mutters an oath suitable to his century, and makes for the door and slips in, avaricious of the scene.

Torture and torment writhe together in the room like the red and white mint on a candy cane. Scrooge's laughter is lost in the uproar, watching them as with riced eyes they beat blindly about the room. And not only is eyesight bleared; faces are bleared, too! *Who is who?* For features have vaporized; and they smoke up the room. And yet it might be said that even here and with everything before him for

the feasting of his eyes, there is not quite enough: Scrooge is hungry, starved, burning for more!

So, to add to a pleasure not quite complete and still to be fulfilled, he becomes possessed, and tears off his clothes and dances about naked as a jaybird.

Or as a dressed, trussed turkey, for which he is in the din in fact mistaken, as Mrs. Cratchit, who, brushing by him and in her agony thinking him, naked, to be the very bird come to life, seizes him. As all seize him! As all hold him! As all, hungry as they are, and hungry as they have been, and hungry as they will be if they do not eat this turkey, drag him to the platter miraculously spared from the blast and pin him down on it. As old Bob Cratchit wipes the old carving knife on his old coattail and does the honors. Twisting, writhing, all the meat is wrenched from the bones raw and, with blistered tongue, consumed.

For, thus scorched, how could they tell the cooked from the raw, an old bird from a young, or hear him point out this distinction to them, his screams lost amid their own?

Mercy Mild



e stand in the next room as imagined guests. Dare we intrude upon a scene so happy or add ourselves to a gathering already so seemingly congenial as

that which gathers in the adjoining parlor around the great Christmas tree, glittering with foil, festooned with peppermint canes, and reflecting in its baubles what seem to be the no less round and universal faces of this family of cousins, of aunts, of neighbors, and friends. They have just left off singing a rousing Christmas air, and favorite suggestions are called out for the next. The variety of cries is no more inharmonious than the songs they have sung or are still to sing, for everything here is informed with jollity, good will, and Christmas eve ease.

Let us, however, step in. We will pretend they cannot see us. We do not wish to disturb. But the temptation is great to feast our eyes, as it were, upon this wholesome banquet of faces we do not know:—but yet that we do, for all faces are, or should be, lit up like these on this happy and propitious night, and we recognize surely the earthy humanity and the flush of joy which this season and this season alone evokes in young and old, world round and from time immemorial to time without end. Who are we to say we do not know them? We do! We have known them every year, and would know them anywhere.

But hush. They are about to begin. Agreement has been come to while we have been gossiping here, and we have lost in our chatter the decision as to what song it is to be. Sheet music and hymnal are raised breast-high. Someone clears his throat. An aunt on a melodeon presses firmly a negotiable chord.

*Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!*

Look, see their faces gathered round the tree, singing as one. Is that not Granny Wilderness, still alive, her voice as true as silver! And Cousin Paul, his Adam's apple now, at fourteen, giving a deeper timbre to his tone than last year at this time. And that must be the Willis family again from across the way, little James and Agatha standing on either side of their parents, the younger generation singing with the older.

*Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!*

There's mother and father, their grown son Jim come down from college, mother still in her apron and a little flushed from the occupation of feeding so many, and father, stern and not quite sure he is singing on key and not wanting anyone exactly to know. Let's not stare at him; he might get flustered. Oh, look at the little twins, Cora's two, and—sweet—they have little holly sprigs pinned on their cardigans. Are they

six already? How time flies!

*Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;*

There's Mrs. Davis—but where's Mr.? Oh, there he is, standing next to mother's eldest daughter, Rosemary, who holds the book for him! He has pretended again this year that he is too middle-aged to hold it himself, but the truth is, and we should indulge him in it, that he has an eye for a young and pretty lass, and sings the better for it. And Rosemary, next to him, how blithe and bonny she is too, with her auburn hair, her little saddle of freckles, and her lips smiling! And oh my, but doesn't Great Uncle Carl look sour, standing against the wall—but look how he sings, with secret glee, and do we not detect a slight mist on his glasses as he covertly reaches for the high notes?

*With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!*

Oh, and there's dear Aunt Jesse again, a maiden lady, and an honor to that rank, for no one is sweeter, fairer to children, or a better maker of nut cookies. The fichu on her bosom is the same as last year, white and crocheted like herself, but there's a merry little Christmas corsage of almost ribald red pinned to it—a touch of daring which, though she wears a straight navy dress and laced shoes, she will no more deny to herself than she will reproach in others. Is she forty-five? Sixty-five? It does not matter, for at this moment, her eyes are opened wide with the round innocence of a child's.

"Hark! the herald angels sing . . ." they sing as they close.

Slowly, however, her eyes still round, her mouth still open in song, and still singing, it seems, she topples forward like timber, falling flat on the floor, her face in her hymnal, her glasses shattering on her. Ah, the back of her dress is slashed from shoulder to buttock. And, see, below the flesh is scored with rips of blood. Gracious, her whole back is cleft open from neck to waist, and red liquid bubbles from every chasm save the one from which the hilt of a butcher's cleaver protrudes.

Glory to the new-born King!

That Glorious Song



izarre is the word for it!" agreed the onlooker.

The phrase fell easily from the lips of this gentleman caroler, who lived the remote distance of

four blocks from the scene of the tragedy. The hillside had not been built on for just this reason: it was maggoted with coal tunnels, left standing amid recent suburban encroachments, hollow as an igloo, and now see! The little boy had fallen in. Actually, it wasn't bizarre at all, but only to be expected.

The gathering onlookers, attracted by the Christmassy but jarring red of the fire trucks, the revolving lights, not of Christmas trees but police wagons, learned the truth from one another as it was passed on like a wassail cup with a snake in it.

The little boy—he lived in *that* house—had been gallivanting through the woods on new junior cross-country skis, and into the hill he had fallen, through some crusty hole, down an old dry shaft. But the firemen seemed hearty! There was the mother; there was the father; a neighbor was bringing them hot chocolate; they wisecracked as though nothing were wrong at all. And, in fact, the carolers and ever-gathering onlookers learned that the boy, through some miracle, had slid softly down on his snow skis and landed without a bruise like Alice, two hundred feet on the bottom.

They could hear him easily—amplification was amazing in those shafts—singing, talking, calling up, making jokes. But the thing was, they couldn't get him out.

This aspect developed after many attempts to do so, and by the time it had been confirmed, floodlights had been set up, the newspapers been alerted, and television cameras from the three channels were on the spot and grinding out the best Christmas day tale they'd had in years. By the flares you could see the Red Cross serve soup, and the local Guild proffer sandwiches to the putative rescuers. Police barriers were patrolled jovially by Legionnaires. The carolers sang to keep up spirits. The night was mild, the stars shone—clear and crisp and even—upon the snowy hill where the work went on. Punch was served.

But there really was no way of getting him out. Ropes were lowered, hooks, ladders—nothing could be done. A boulder had been dislodged by his descent, and toppled down behind him, its ultimate descent upon him mercifully forestalled by a ledge of rock. But this was way down. Dynamite could not be used, for the entire hillside was as crisp as old icing, riddled through and through; it would crumble at the first blast. Dynamite would doom him. So would drills.

continued on page 102

Maybe it's because we began about eight years ago mostly as *the* journal of contemporary music.

Maybe it's because practically everybody in the music business carries the latest issue around.

Maybe it's because we have a tabloid newsprint format.

Whatever the reason, at least several million prospective readers—probably including you—have the wrong idea about **ROLLING STONE!**

We think it's about time you found out that **ROLLING STONE** is *much, much more* than just a music magazine. It's a biweekly trip to the head, heart, and soul of contemporary America.

We're pioneering in a new kind of journalism, as different from the establishment press as the Rolling Stones are from Lawrence Welk. It's intensely personal . . . frankly biased . . . endlessly curious . . . sensibly paranoid . . . totally irreverent.

We're printing stuff the uptight hidebound establishment press is neglecting, overlooking, avoiding, misunderstanding, or laundering. But it's so first-rate that we're not only

winning major editorial awards and raves from the establishment press, but we're beginning to attract readers over 30 who don't own a record player. Here's a glimpse of what you've been missing. . .

Inside Jaws—an on-the-run interview with indefatigable actor Richard Dreyfuss that couldn't be found anywhere else.

Laura Palmer's emotion-charged account of the final hours of American presence in Vietnam.

Pete Hamill's first-person interview with John Lennon.

Rape on Trial—Ellen Willis reconstructs an actual rape case, demonstrating the notorious difficulty in obtaining a conviction . . . even when the evidence seems overwhelming.

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The publishers of the most sensational book of the year are making the most sensational offer of the year to anyone twenty-one or over.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SEX is the first full-length book (160 pages) to deal comprehensively with the subject of available sex toys in the western world. Sex toys are known by many names: marital aids, dildos, adult novelties, etc. None of the "trade names" are very descriptive. The authors of the **SPRIT OF SEVENTY SEX** do not beat around the bush as it were, in their completely entertaining and often shocking first hand account of just what sex substitutes really are, what they do, and what they don't do! After reading this completely unique book, you will be intimately acquainted with several hundred items—many of which should make you blush! These "toys" are for real and come in every conceivable shape, size and form you can imagine. They come in shapes and sizes you probably can't imagine as well! Some items are battery operated some are manual—some are a combination of both, but we can guarantee that there is something for everyone no matter how bizarre or straight your sexual philosophy might be . . . Thousands of books are published each year dealing with sex. Most of the books come and go as fast as the publishers.

It's a book that deals with real people who deal with real sex objects like love machines, 6 foot dolls—male and female—that could make live sex partners obsolete! It's a kind of whole earth cata-

logue of sexual paraphernalia, not a lot of hot air.

To back up our claim that this is the greatest sex book offer in two-hundred years, we are offering anyone 21 or over who takes part in Philharmonic's BI-SEXTENIAL OFFER the choice of any one of 5 EROTIC GIFTS WITH VALUES UP TO \$9.98—FREE! Be sure when ordering your book to circle the number of the FREE EROTIC GIFT you want!

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THE COUPON FROM THIS AD with your signature must accompany order or FREE GIFT cannot be shipped. This offer is good until JULY 4th, 1976.

THE FREE GIFTS REPRESENT JUST 5 OF THE 200 ITEMS YOU CAN READ ABOUT AND ORDER WHEN YOU RECEIVE YOUR COPY OF THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SEX . . .

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HEY, IT'S THAT STUPID GINSBURGER GUY!

Stupid Ginsburger—that's what people call him, and they're absolutely right. In fact, he is a complete fool. Every single man or woman who has ever met Ralph Ginsburger believes he's a jerk, and many of these people are well educated, many of them have gone to college. In a single word, he is dumb. And in the past he has provided undeniable proof of this startling vacuity by repeatedly founding major publications of spectacular unintelligence. Take *Erode*, for example—an entire magazine devoted to mud. Or *Avant l'Ard*—a pointless and confusing monthly review of what no one is exactly sure. Or *Hokum*—a weekly tabloid of baseless opinion and random press clippings. These periodicals were actually famous for their stupidity, and they made Ralph Ginsburger famous for his. But, stupid as they were, they pale by comparison to his newest product. Here is a project of truly overpowering blockheadedness. A journal only a moron would put into print. A publication so stupid that it gives away all the fabulous money-making and cost-slashing secrets in the world practically for free. Its name is **Nickleknobs**.

Nickleknobs contains all that you will ever need to know about getting more money than anyone has ever had and keeping it forever by paying nothing for everything you buy. These incredibly amazing secrets would be worth billions, trillions, zillions to Ralph Ginsburger if he used them for his own enrichment, but he is so dumb that he's telling them all to you. This is such a brainless thing to do that news of it caused the entire inmate population of a private institution for the seriously retarded to laugh uproariously for two weeks. **Nickleknobs** is just that kind of thing.

And what about you? What if you're stupid? What if you're a high school dropout? A member of the armed forces? In prison? Or what if you're old and sick and just *act* stupid? *So much the better!* Then you *will* believe your eyes when you read these mind-blowing money ideas, astounding economy ploys, and earth-shaking schemes for wealth:



Rating those garlic salts.

Make free long-distance phone calls collect.

Small pieces of cheap plastic that can bring you travel, food, or a whole new wardrobe.

200 perfectly legal vacations.

Huge international corporations pay you for working.

Double-edged razor blades last twice as long.

There's a mouthful of savings in day-old bread.

95 ways to go into debt.

New use for old soap slivers.

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Naturally occurring phenomenon lets you run your car on water during four or even five months every year.

Trading Hedges, a Commodities Market breakthrough. Spruce for bayberry, bayberry for yew . . . who knows where it could lead?

How five dollars a week can mean hundreds of dollars in yearly savings.

Cities where plenty of people have jobs.

The truth about professional wrestling.

Savings banks that offer free passbooks. A complete listing.

You may be criminally insane. Simple test shows whether you qualify for a share of millions in federal and state aid.

All this packed into a nerve-wracking, eye-jangling single sheet of folded-over newsprint published *flybynightly* to keep you constantly wondering when it will arrive.

We urge you to act at once. Stop out-smarting yourself!



Send \$7.95 for no reason whatsoever and receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a complete year's worth of the monumental 37,000 word *National Lampon Digest of Humor Value*.

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Photos: Tony Lane

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- 24 — ATLANTA, GEORGIA
- 25 — NASHVILLE, TENN.
- 27 — HAMPTON ROADS, VA.

28 — GREENSBORO, N.C.

30 — BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

DECEMBER

- 1 — KANSAS CITY, MO.
- 2 — DES MOINES, IOWA
- 4, 5 — CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
- 6 — DETROIT, MICHIGAN

8 — CINCINNATI, OHIO

9 — CLEVELAND, OHIO

10 — BUFFALO, NEW YORK

11 — TORONTO, CANADA

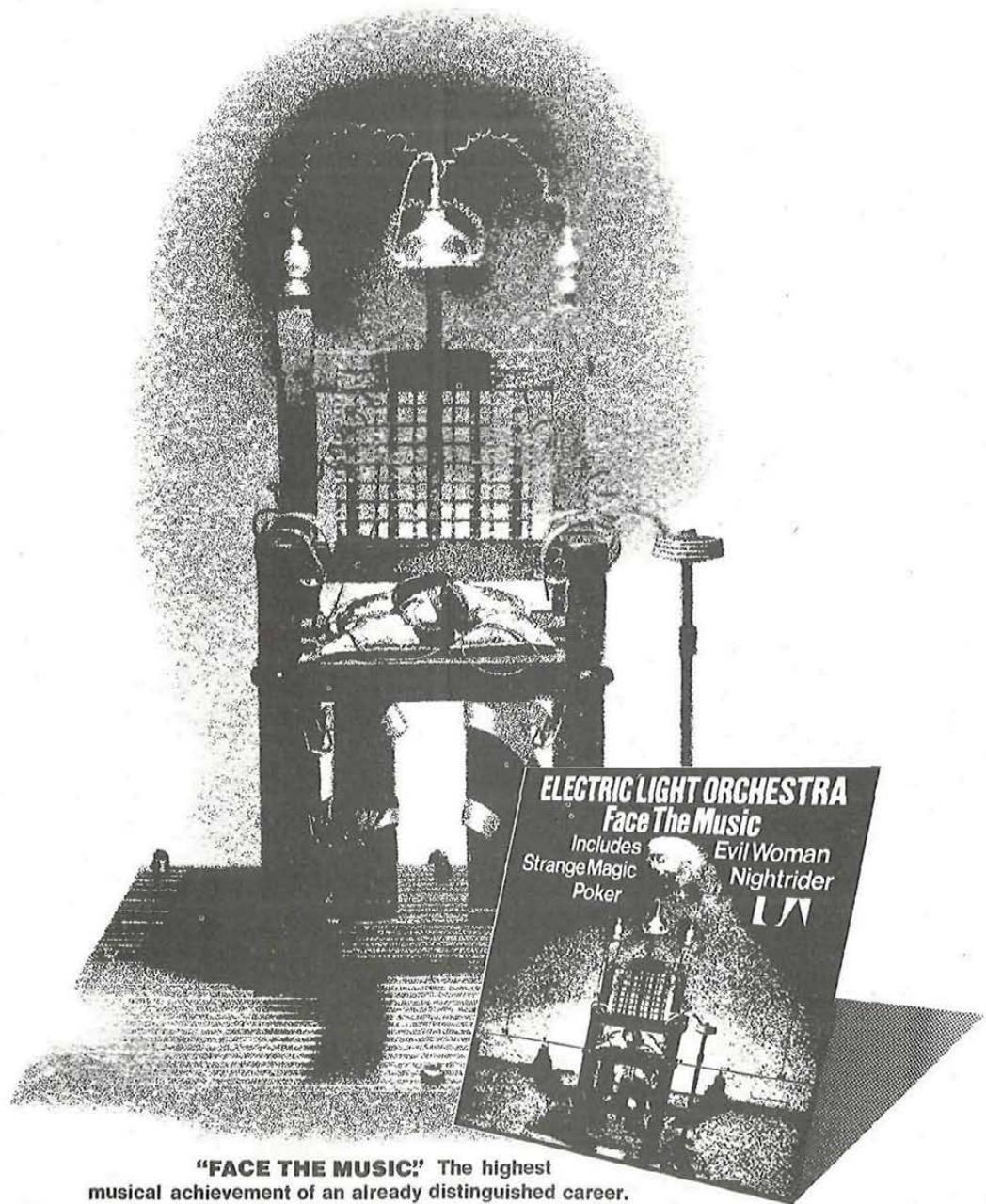
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14 — SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

15 — PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Have a seat.

The Electric Light Orchestra will be with you in a moment.

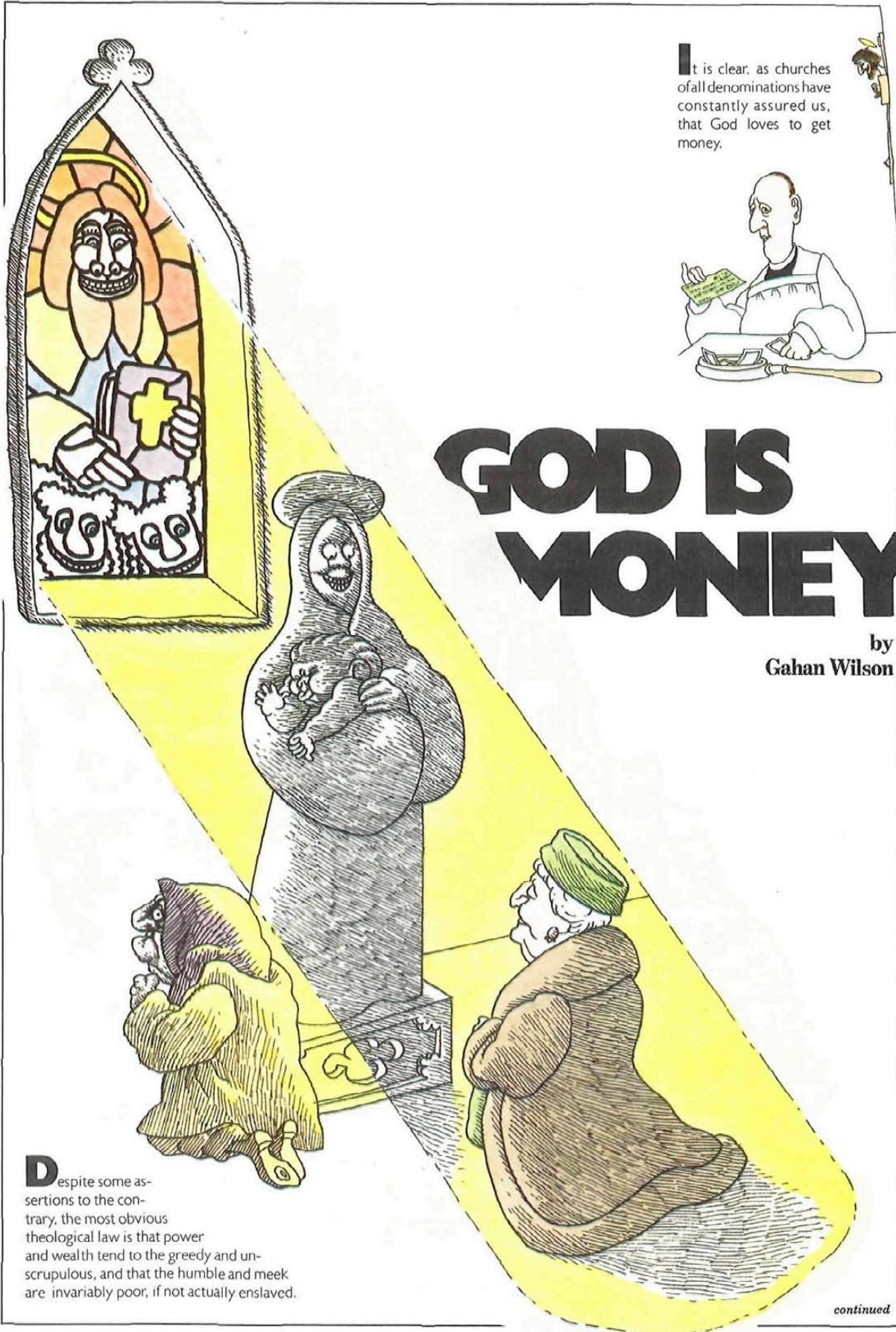


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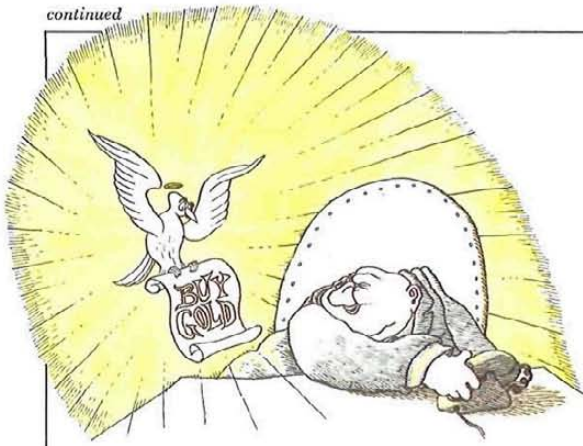
It is clear, as churches of all denominations have constantly assured us, that God loves to get money.

GOD IS MONEY

by
Gahan Wilson

Despite some assertions to the contrary, the most obvious theological law is that power and wealth tend to the greedy and unscrupulous, and that the humble and meek are invariably poor, if not actually enslaved.

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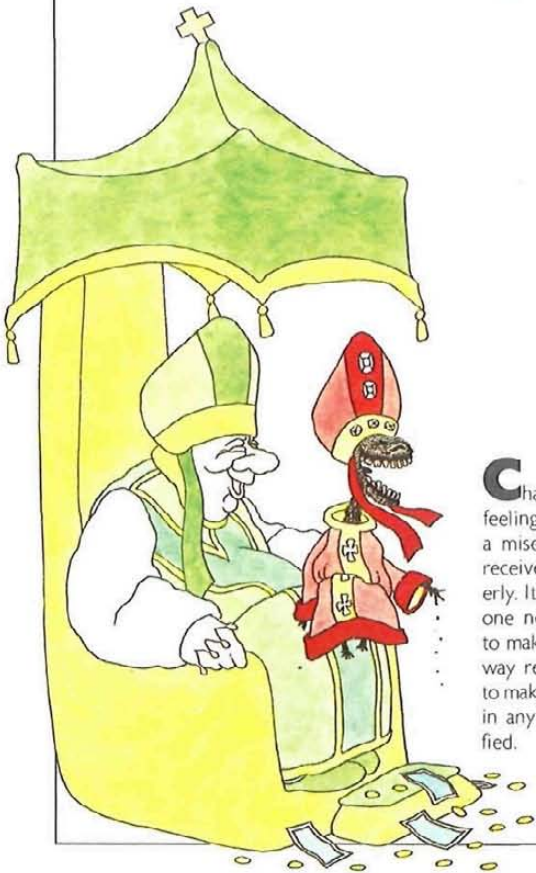


If He does get money, He is likely to help out the giver in various ways, such as helping him win bloody wars, destroying competitors' places of business by "acts of God," and giving boils and things like that to people the donor finds unpleasant.



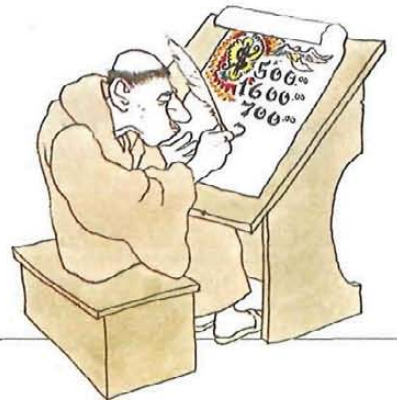
But you must be careful to give to the right God; otherwise you will find yourself just throwing good money after bad.

The most important commandments of religions center on wealth and power, and the wise aspirant to grace will do all of his thieving legally, along the lines set up by his local business community.



Charity gives a nice feeling to the giver and a miserable one to the receiver, if done properly. It is important that one never give enough to make him feel in any way really deprived, or to make the receiver feel in any way really satisfied.

All churches are distinguished by their business skills, and a prime quality of most saints is a knack for good administration.



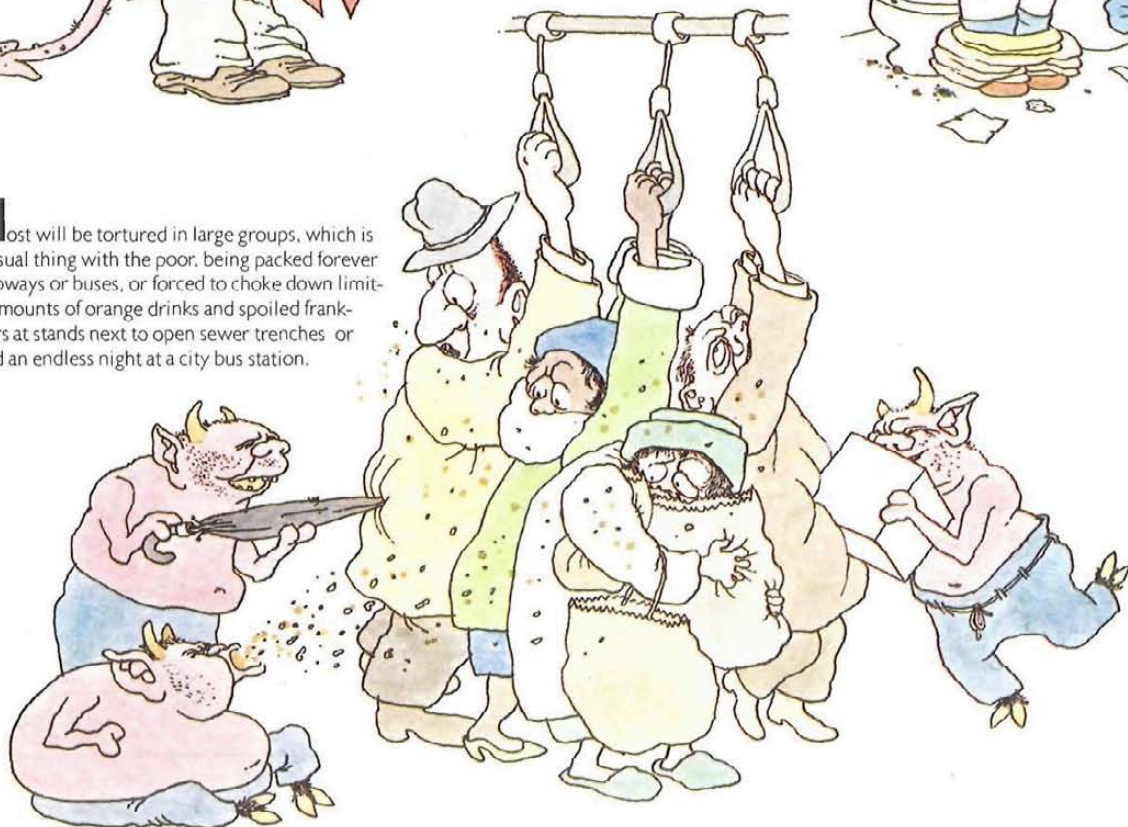


Needless to say, the basic rule of might makes right extends to the after-life. The poor, however, will really get it in the neck, just as they have on earth. The devil hates them all, for he is poor himself, of course, and that has made him bitter.

Some will suffer a lonely hell locked in a public toilet, say, or attempting to get to sleep in a suffocating tenement bedroom during a heat wave.



Most will be tortured in large groups, which is the usual thing with the poor, being packed forever in subways or buses, or forced to choke down limitless amounts of orange drinks and spoiled frankfurters at stands next to open sewer trenches or spend an endless night at a city bus station.

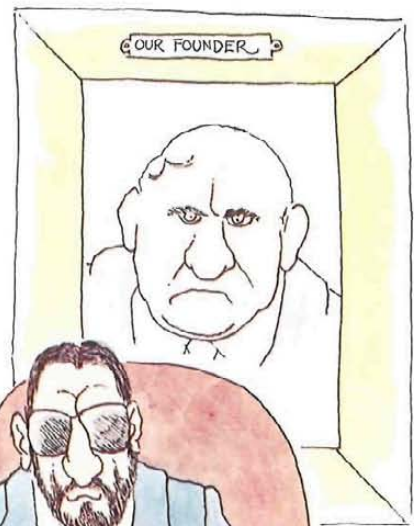
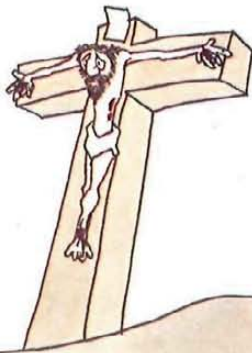


A great deal of confusion has arisen in the Christian Church because of a misunderstanding between God and His Only Son. At first, God was delighted with the Boy, and would happily watch Him blasting fig trees for hours.

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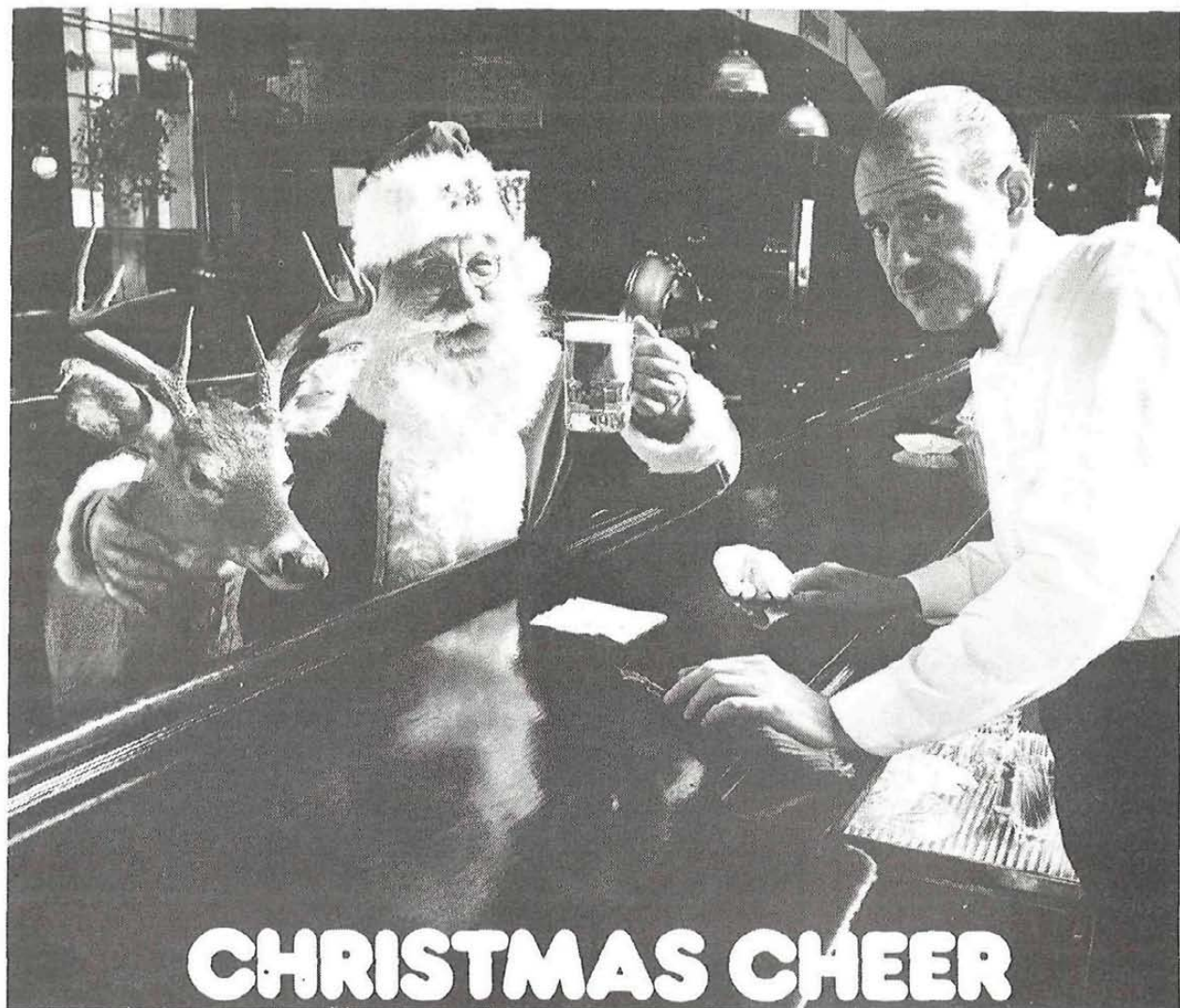


But the Lad changed, and did contrary and peculiar things, even—and this is what made the Old Fellow particularly mad—throwing money changers out of his Father's very temple. He withdrew His support, and taught the Child a badly needed lesson.



No longer Mr. Nice Guy, He can hardly wait for the second coming to show His Dad (Who has taken on a whole new Corporate Image) how tough He can be on those who foolishly look out for anyone but themselves. So you better get smart, and quick. □





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ALICE COOPER
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GIVE THE GIFT OF MUSIC



WHAT'S THAT SLEAZY GINSBURGER UP TO NOW?



Nice Christian white people shun Ralph Ginsburger. Senator William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, cited Ralph Ginsburger as "the single best argument for rearming Germany," and the Equal Opportunity Act has a special clause that excludes Ralph Ginsburger from coverage by any Federal antidiscrimination law. Fellow members of the Hebrew persuasion feel even more strongly. In 1973, the United Woman's Jewish League pointed to Ralph Ginsburger as "the cause for a wave of fully justifiable anti-Semitism in America today." Several Zionist service organizations are reported to be paying members of organized crime to track Ralph Ginsburger down and kill him.

What does this mean to you the consumer? Simple—what better way to stretch your dollar's value and increase your personal power than to use the secret, devious techniques of usury and greed that in the hands of a few select Shylocks turned all of Europe against the Jewish people for more than 2,000 years? This is the kind of expertise that Ralph Ginsburger brings to **Nickleknows**, the tight-fisted newsletter of rapacity and outright theft. Do not be misled. Ralph Ginsburger does not represent cultured, intellectual Judaism like Artur Rubinstein does. He does not represent the determined and courageous survival of an ancient civilization like David Ben-Gurion did. He is not a personification of long-suffering persecution like Ann Frank was. No! Ginsburger is a conniving, mercenary creature whose ilk sold Pogrom Insurance in the Czarist Ukraine. This is the type of person whose family not only survived the Nazi death camps, but actually gained weight. Right now, someone like him is selling aerial photographs of the Golan Heights defense installations to smelly Arab ter-

rorists in the back alleys of Jordan's West Bank. There's a bad pickle in every barrel, and the *worst* of his people means the *most* for your money.

You'll see why when you read your first copy of **Nickleknows**, a publication filled with such miserly tactics of penury and consummate economic gems as:

How to get a free burial from the airlines.

Clear real estate titles, probate wills, sue for bad debts, all without going to the dentist.

Quit work and never pay income tax again.

Strike oil with your car.

Write your own checks at home for \$300, \$500, even \$1,000.

Earn 100,000,000 percent on an investment of nothing.

Money in old suit pockets, under chair cushions, down sewer grates.

Learn to sleep in your spare time.

Special treatment that makes lightbulbs last forever. It's as simple as a flick of the wrist.

Let big corporations pay for every television program you watch.

Cheap travel in your own home.

Find precious radium in ordinary alarm clocks.

Never use a pay toilet again.

Remember what the fabulously rich, famous architect Mies Van der Rohe said: "Less is more." And all this and less is yours for only pennies a second of your daily time.



Send \$7.95 and learn a real lesson. Plus, if you act now, you'll receive a one-year FREE SUBSCRIPTION to the *National Lampoon's* prestigious Humor Fraud advisory service. Important works of humor are the hottest new areas of investment speculation, so don't be duped by frauds and deceptions. We know you'll find this monthly service worth its weight in paper.

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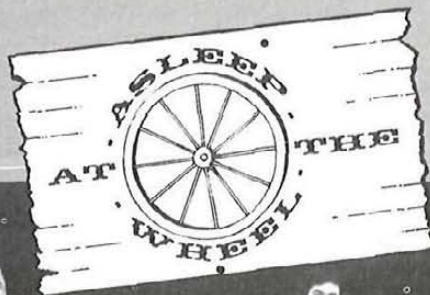
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This Week - SPECIAL on DEATH

The story of the Great Price War.



photographs by Robert McCabe

Domestic tranquillity—Happy family of inner-center dwellers relax in Kroger's split-level. Outside, stormclouds of war gather.



Elegy in a country freezer—quiet visit to Meats and Poultry is chilling harbinger of tragedy to come.



Instore display of force—sneak attack by Walgreen Berets secures critical Aisle Five in Cleveland Safeway.

Human life is on sale this week throughout the shopping centers and malls of America. It's going for about 49 cents a pound.

A bloody war has erupted in the produce departments and parking lots of suburbia. A war many said had to come. But a war all dread. The Great Price War.

Some chains throw massive sales forces against competitors in a last-ditch attempt to capture new customers. Others move against rivals who undercut them or refuse to adhere to fixed-price schedules. National alliances of businessmen form and reform with bewildering speed.

As in all wars, there is no right and no wrong. Only losers—the little people who have lived good, decent lives, and now, suddenly, find their brand loyalty in question and their point of purchase in ruins.

Hardest hit are the inner center dwellers, families who have moved permanently into shopping centers to be near their unlimited facilities and part of their vibrant cultural scene. Their idyllic situation had, until now, seemed utterly safe from the dark shadow of fear.

Now they know the truth. The truth summed up by one Safeway field commander after a relentless all-night raid by Higgledy-Piggledy commandos: Price war is hell!



Checkoutpoint Charlie—armed guard in Long Island A&P bars exit to anyone making less than \$200 purchase.



Incredible valor at fantastic savings—(left). Pick 'n' Pay troops stage lightning early morning assault on Stop & Shop stronghold, with scarcely a casualty. In classic sweep, troops neutralize central position with meat-seeking "mart" missiles, occupy treacherous outlying beauty salons, pizza parlors, and man typical customer escape corridors such as off-loading ramps and whoops-this-is-an-exits.



(Bottom.) Although hardcore rearguard fought back with spoiled produce and frozen chicken, Stop & Shop was Pick 'n' Pay minutes before opening time, and all was quiet on the storefront for first customers.





Everything must go! Sears twenty-first airborne zaps doomed J.C. Penney outlet in suburban St. Louis; 7-11 ground support reduces it to bottom rock.

They come without warning. Down off-ramps and exits they swarm, the insignia of their mall or brand or municipality glistening on their helmets. Some smear their faces with the product they represent, Di-Gel, Haagen Daz, Kal Kan. Sometimes they simply shoot up a few kitchen needs and household wares, filigreeing the daily special with a contemptuous burst of small-arms fire, and disappear as swiftly as they came into the flat, sign-riddled landscape.

And sometimes they descend, with every weapon they possess and all the fury of free enterprise scorned, into the supermarketplace. There they do to death all that stands in their way, product, outlet, retailer, Jaycee, Elk, or Optimist, and stand proud and triumphant at the check-out counters of democracy.

Or they slump defeated, their very life-blood mingling with gooky stuff at the bottom of the dairy case.

Where do they come from, these new legions? What drives them? What kind of men are they?

The answer, in a word: *shopkeepers*.

But a new breed of shopkeepers. A generation of butchers, bakers, barbers, greengrocers, apothecaries, who know that in a free society, nice guys finish last. That aggressive cutthroat competition is the name of

the game. That their job is to get the best and the cheapest to the man who's always right. And to get it there first.

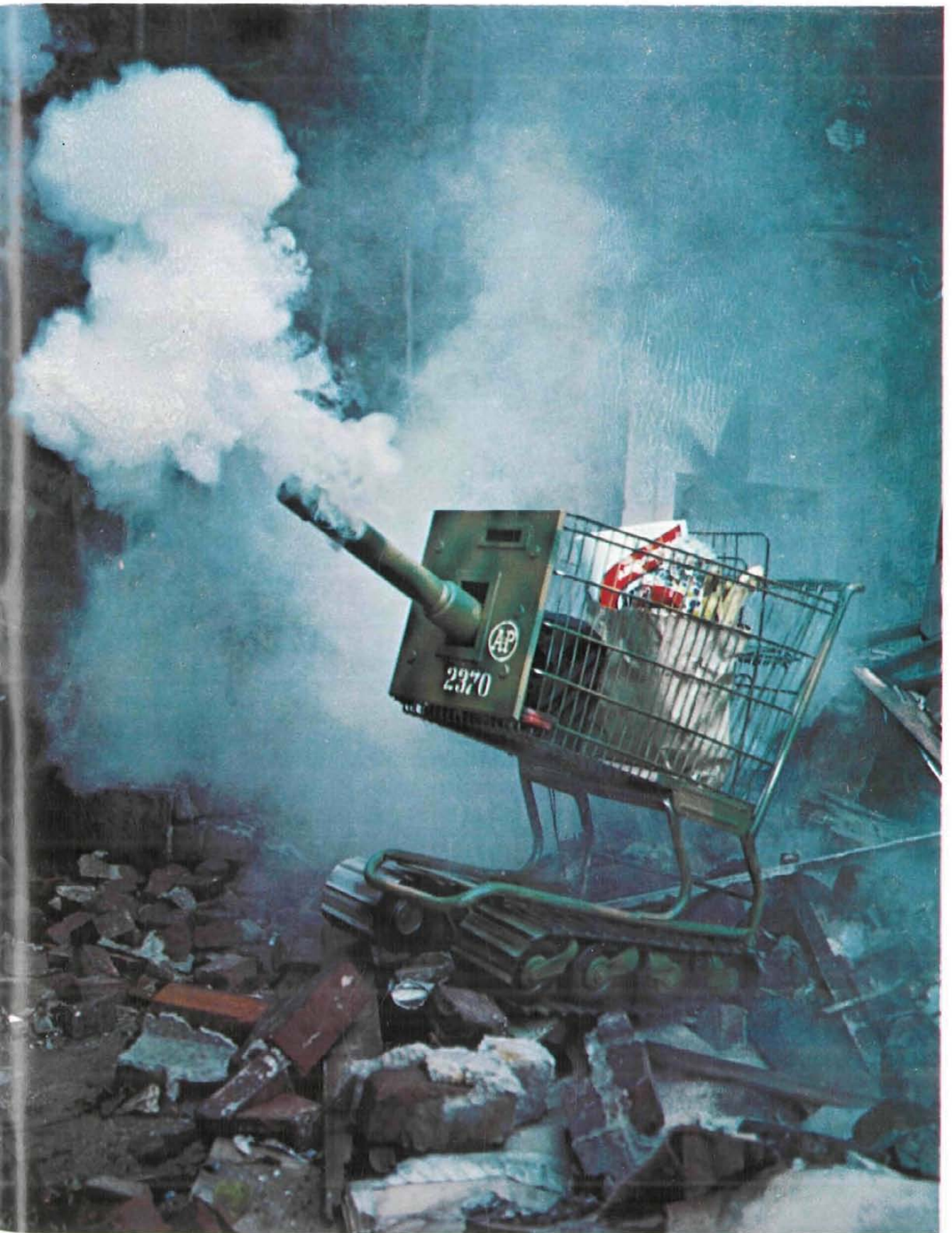
And if it takes war to move that broiler-foil off the shelves, then war it shall be.

Where will it all end? No one can tell. For now, the price war is a bewildering crazy quilt of brief alliances, attacks, incursions, betrayals. Beachheads are established overnight and lost as quickly the next morning. Battle plans are drawn up and dumped as new enemies rise and fall, as allies turn on one another or regroup.

As one SmartMart manager said only a few days ago, "I don't know what's going on. Monday, Kresge's blitzed us and declared us an occupied zone. Tuesday, W.T. Grant's counterattacked and they occupied us. Late Tuesday, a Nabisco expeditionary force came through, but the Grant boys fought them off; then they retreated to fortify their positions over at the Wildwood Mall down on Thirty-one, there."

Perhaps someday, not too far in the future, the lights will blaze, the flags flutter, and the bands play to usher in a fabulous V-Day Sale.

But for now, there is no light at the end of the aisle.



What Price Pride? A&P armored cart abandoned in rubble as low-profit branch on South Side of Chicago graduates from WEO U.

continued



Big Bonus! But for ultimate weapon, high command of Nutley, N.J., Chamber of Commerce estimates they would have lost millions to neighboring Bergen in grueling price war. Nutley also nuked Mahwah, Teaneck..

OH, CHRIST! NOT THAT GINSBURGER ASSHOLE AGAIN!

Go ahead, fuck me! It's exactly what I deserve. Listen, I had a lot of time to think it over in prison. I've been a real schmuck. I really have. When I think of the things I've done, the way I've acted . . . better you don't ask how I feel! I've lied. I've cheated. I've treated people like dirt. You don't know . . . like that magazine *Erode*. What was I thinking of? How could I do it? Using sharpie ads to trick people into reading about mud. Page after page about mud. Jersey mud flats, Georgia mud farms, *The Mire and Muck of Michigan*. Mud. Mud. Mud. And *Avant L'Ard* and *Hokum*—they were worse, I'm ashamed to say it. Then, when I think about the disgrace I've been to my religion, to my people . . . four thousand years of humanitarianism, tolerance, and law, and what do they get for a public image? Scumballs like me. Oh, sure, I didn't do it alone. There were the Meyer Lansky types and bigots like Hitler and the Pope. But does that make me any less guilty?

So listen, let me try and make it up to you. I've got this newspaper. It's called **Nickleknaws**. It's a very valuable thing. It really is. The stuff in there is good. It could save you a lot of cash or help you get better off. It really can. And I'll practically give it to you. What you pay wouldn't cover postage. I'm telling you the truth. Look it over for yourself:

Where to get a free high school education in your own local high school.

Free land in your basement.

Unsafe at Any Seed—a scathing expose of vegetable safety.

101 rare and costly diseases and where to get them.

Martian banks pay $\sqrt{82 \pm \pi^2}$ percent yearly interest on your laundry bleach.

There's a fortune in money.

Food bargains aplenty in your mother's kitchen.

Suicide can mean lifetime wear from re-soled shoes.



Get rid of your ugly teeth, permanently, for free.

Fat-free dirt and stones.

Lose weight without eating.

Linoleum mines.

The link between heart attacks and death.

A fabulous government insurance policy that actually pays off if you lose your job.

Get born rich and never have to work at all.

The exact locations of dozens of bank vaults where fabulous treasure is buried underground.

That's not a tenth of it, seriously. Please, I want you to take all of my hip, creative, and intelligent responses to the present and long-term economic situation (insights and strategies that would have meant a financially secure old age for myself and my wonderful family if only my conscience had allowed me to keep them to myself) and use them to make yourself wealthy and happy. Go ahead, it serves me right.

NICKLEKNAWS

Look, just send me a little bit of spare change, \$7.95, nothing really, and I'll try and make sure you get something out of it, barring I don't commit mayhem on myself out of guilty despair. But, anyway, I feel so bad about all this that I'm sending you, for sure, a subscription to the *National Lampoon*, through this fellow I know up there. No reason why you shouldn't laugh.

Enclosed is my

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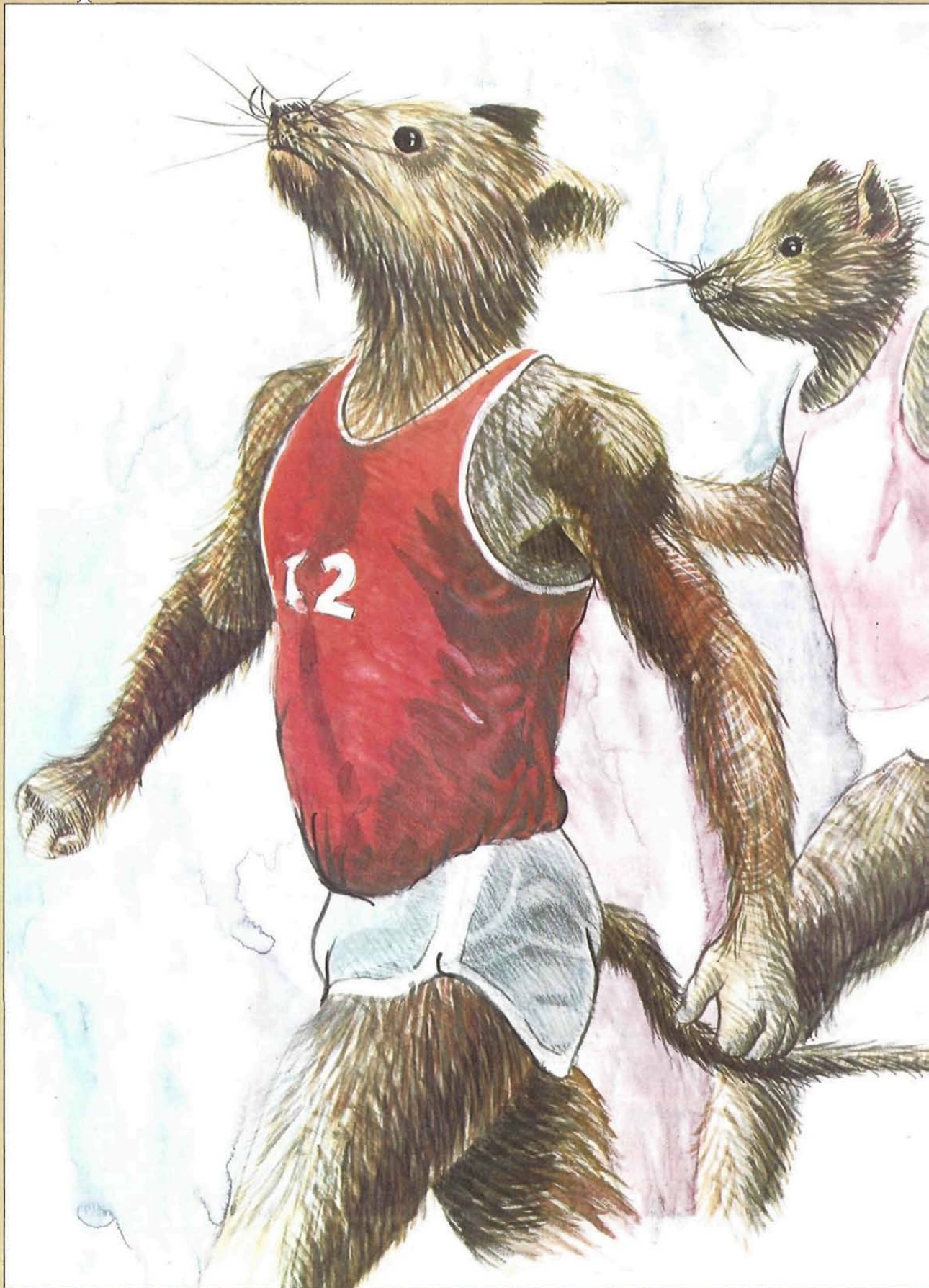
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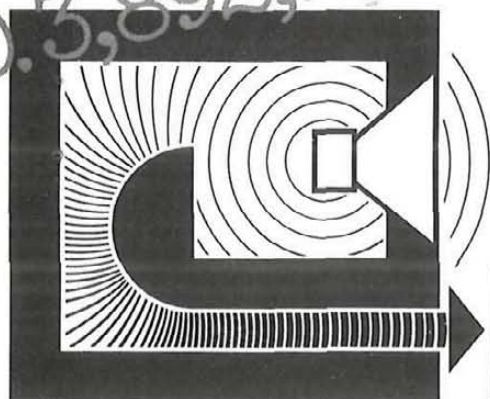
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B-I-C VENTURI speaker systems contain three such significant developments.

One is the BICONEX™ horn (pat. pend.). It provides uniform wide angle dispersal of sound in *both* the horizontal and vertical planes. This gives you much more freedom when positioning speakers in a room and uncompromisingly safeguards stereo image.

Another is the Dynamic Tonal Balance Compensation network circuit (pat. pend.). This ensures "flat" *aural* response regardless of amplifier volume control settings and speaker loudness levels. It helps overcome the natural loss in human hearing of bass and treble tones at different sound levels.

The third is the B-I-C VENTURI principle of bass reproduction, for which a U.S. patent was granted on July 1, 1975. This principle... never before applied to acoustics...

transforms low velocity air motion (usually wasted inside an enclosure) into high velocity energy many hundreds percent greater than would otherwise be attainable from a woofer in a given size enclosure that does not have the B-I-C VENTURI design. It also

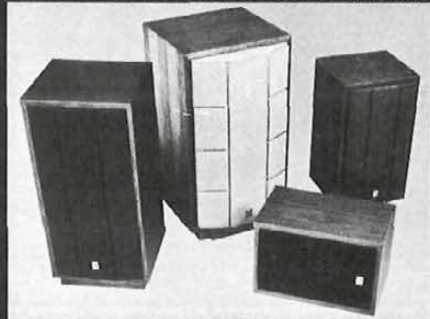
performs as an acoustic filter which reduces harmonic distortion normally generated by woofers at bass frequencies. The result: A cleaner sounding system that delivers substantially more sound per watt.

These inventions are unique. These are differences you can hear. And, these are advantages that aren't nearly as expensive as you'd expect.

Our new Consumer Guide provides the inside story about B-I-C VENTURI speakers and speakers generally. Please ask your audio dealer; or write to B-I-C VENTURI, Westbury, L.I., N.Y. 11590.



B-I-C VENTURITM
BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., A DIVISION OF AVNET INC.





FUNNY PAGES

WNUTS

REMEMBER THERE WERE THOSE NICE THINGS YOU COULD COUNT ON AND LOOK FORWARD TO AND SAVE UP FOR AND THAT DIDN'T LET YOU DOWN? REMEMBER THERE WEREN'T MANY OF THEM?

HELLO, KID. HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

OK, MR. PERSKY.



YOU WANT YOUR USUAL FRIDAY SUNDAE, KID?

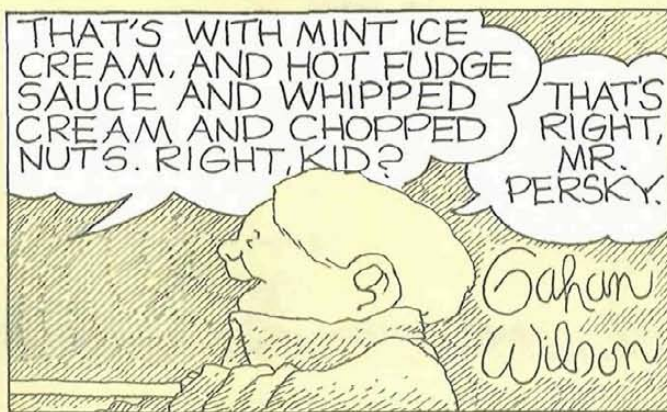
YESSIR, MR. PERSKY.



THAT'S WITH MINT ICE CREAM, AND HOT FUDGE SAUCE AND WHIPPED CREAM AND CHOPPED NUTS. RIGHT, KID?

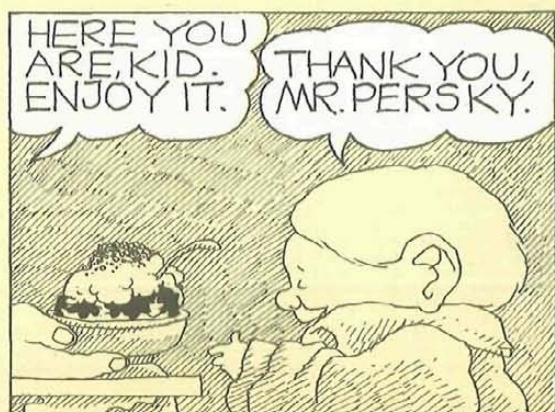
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. PERSKY.

Graham Wilson



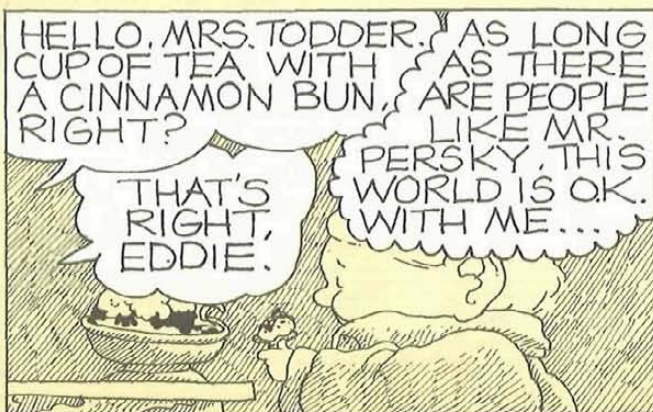
HERE YOU ARE, KID. ENJOY IT.

THANK YOU, MR. PERSKY.



HELLO, MRS. TODDER. AS LONG AS THERE'S A CUP OF TEA WITH A CINNAMON BUN, ARE PEOPLE LIKE MR. PERSKY, THIS WORLD IS OK. WITH ME...

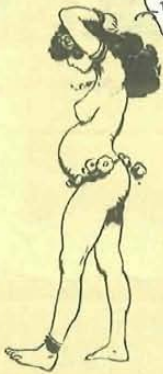
THAT'S RIGHT, EDDIE.





©J.JONES 1975

IDYL



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THESE THINGS.



THERE WAS LOTS OF STUFF THEY COULD DO AND LOTS THEY COULDN'T DO.



THEY COULDN'T SMELL BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY HEADS.



WHAT ABOUT NOSES?

NO HEADS.



THEY COULDN'T HEAR BECAUSE...



...THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY HEADS?

NO! BECAUSE THERE WASN'T ANY NOISE.



THEY COULDN'T SEE BECAUSE...

...THEY STUFFED DUCKS IN THEIR EYES!



DO YOU WANT TO HEAR MY STORY?

YES.



...BECAUSE THEY NEVER WOKE UP.



THEY COULDN'T TASTE BECAUSE THEY NEVER ATE.

AND THEY COULDN'T FEEL BECAUSE...

...THEY STARVED TO DEATH IN THEIR SLEEP.



AHEM.

WHAT COULD THEY DO?



THE WHO



SIDE 1

SLIP KID...
HOWEVER MUCH I BOOZE...
SQUEEZE BOX...
DREAMING FROM THE WAIST...
IMAGINE A MAN...

SIDE 2

SUCCESS STORY...
THEY ARE ALL IN LOVE...
BLUE RED AND GREY...
HOW MANY FRIENDS...
IN A HAND OR A FACE...

PRODUCED BY GUY JONES
*PETER DINKLAGE
RECORDED AT RAMPORT STUdios,
ISLAND MUSIC AND EEL PIE STUdios,
MIXED AT ISLAND STUdios
AND SHEET MUSIC
MASTERED BY GUY SAGE
AT THE MASTERING LABS LOS ANGELES
CLARK GRANTING JOHN ENTWISTLE

MCA RECORDS
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THE WHO BY NUMBERS



FREE "Who" coloring cover reproductions available at participating record stores.

MCA-2161
MCA RECORDS



THRILLING AMAZING FANTASTIC ADVENTURES / Wrightson-Preiss ©1975 DPUP INC Dossier 1 U.E.O.'s



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

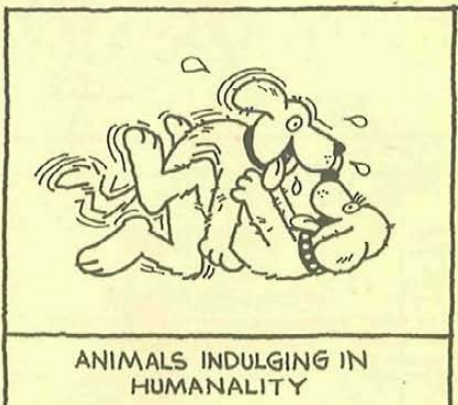
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 81

HUMANALITY AMONG ANIMALS

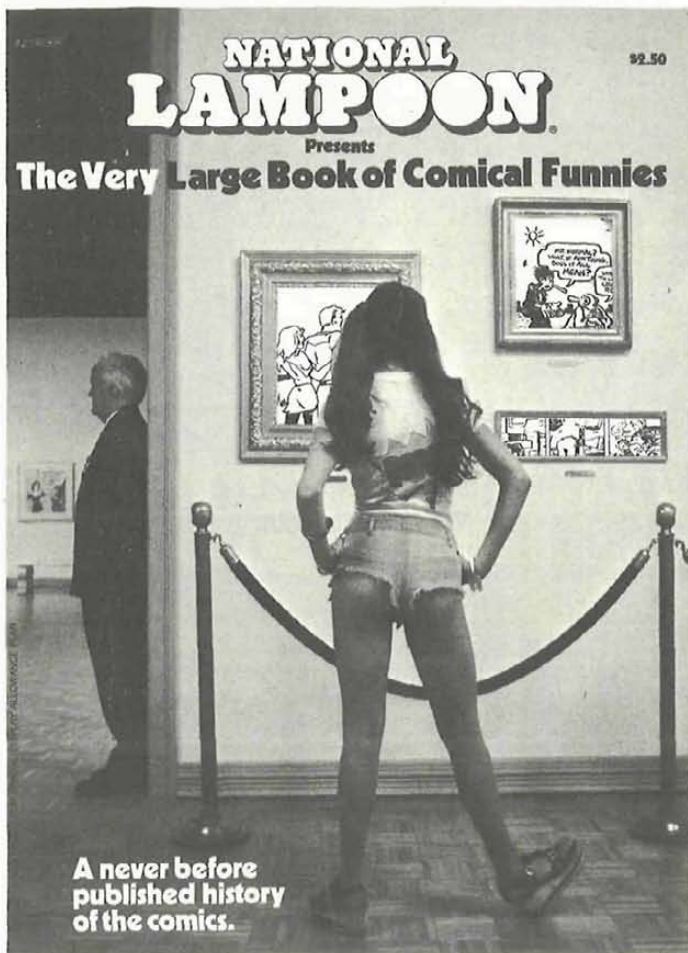
SICKENING AS IT MAY SOUND, SOME PERVERTED, DISPICABLE ANIMALS INDULGE IN... YES, HUMANALITY!

UNFORTUNATELY, THE COMIC ARTIST MUST BE ABLE TO DEPICT THIS DISGUSTING, UNNATURAL ACT, NO MATTER HOW OFFENSIVE.



THE NATIONAL LAMPOON PRESENTS A FIRST IN THE HISTORY OF LAUGHTER!

One hundred and sixty pages of the comics through the years, with a running, completely uninformative commentary, including how they were born, have lived, and will probably die.



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The Porno Comic

The Industrial Comic

The Newspaper Comic

The Funny Comic

The Underground Comic

At your favorite bookstore, newsstand, or via the mails now. \$2.50 in rich, vibrant comicolor.

With never before published words, drawings, and punctuation. \$2.50 in rich, vibrant comicolor.

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New York, New York 10022

Please send me _____ copy(s) of National Lampoon's Comical Funnies at \$2.50 for each copy.

Check Money order enclosed.

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(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please make sure to list your correct zip code number. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

THE NEW

Life MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE OFFICES

IMPROVED

ÆSOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS

GEORGE AND ALEX ARE BACK AT THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF THE DEFUNCT LIFE MAGAZINE GETTING THEIR NEXT ASSIGNMENT.

GIANNINA MEMORIAL AIRPORT, LAS VEGAS

ARE YOU MR. MIKYAH? HERE, I COME FROM JULIUS.

HOW DO WE FIND THIS GUY MIKYAH?

MR. AND MR. ÆSOP! IF YOU COME FROM JULIUS, PLEASE REPORT TO THE AEROFLOT COUNTER WITH YOUR HALF OF THE JELLO BOX.

I COME FROM JULIUS, TOO!

LET'S SEE DE BOX!

HEY, THAT'S US. HALF A JELLO BOX.

STRAWBERRY! HEY, WHAT YOU MOTHUHS DOIN'? DEY SPELL JEELLO! WHAT YOU TWO TROMBONES UP TO, HUNNH, MAN?

SON OF A GUN!

I GOT A BOMBHELL FOR YOU GUYS—YOU'RE GONNA INTERVIEW—ARE YA' READY FOR THIS? ...HOWARD HUGHES! YOU FLY TO LAS VEGAS AND A GUY NAMED MIKYAH WILL MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT. GIVE HIM THIS HALF OF A JELLO BOX AND SAY, "I COME FROM JULIUS." GOT THAT? "I COME FROM JULIUS." AND YOU, I WANT LOTS OF PITCHAS!!!



WE'RE FROM THE DEFUNCT LIFE. HONEST, WE'RE ON THE LEVEL!

RASPBERRY!
BERIA'S DEAD! come fly with us.

DIS IS MIKYAH, MISTAH H. SOMEFIN'S WRONG. DESE TWO GRASSHOPPAHS GOT A STRAWBERRY JELLO BOX AN' I GOT RASPBERRY...

OF COURSE THEY DON'T MATCH, MIKYAH, WE USED RASPBERRY LAST WEEK. THIS WEEK IT'S STRAWBERRY.

AH'LL BRING THE MOTHUHS FIGHT OVAH, MISTAH H.

READERS:

AT THIS JUNCTURE, CONSIDER THE BURDEN OF THE CARTOONIST. THIS SPACE WOULD SHOW THE ÆSOP BROS. AND MIKYAH LEAVING THE LAS VEGAS AIRPORT. MOST ARTISTS HAVE A PICTURE FILE TO HELP IN THEIR DRAWING. BUT WHERE IN HELL DOES ONE FIND A PICTURE OF THE LAS VEGAS AIRPORT? ADDITIONALLY THE SCENE IS PLAINLY NOT HUMOROUS!

IMAGINE THEN, THE ÆSOP BROS. LEAVING THE AIRPORT WITH MR. MIKYAH ENTERING A BLACK MERCEDES-BENZ DRIVEN BY AN OCTOPOD, AND, AFTER RIDING FOR TWO HOURS THROUGH THE DESERT, ARRIVING AT THE HOME OF HOWARD HUGHES.



SHUT YO MOUT-DE BOXES DON'T MATCH! LET'S SEE YO PHONE, TATIANA.

I GUESS WE LOST QUITE A FEW READERS WHO PREFER PICTURES TO INTELLECTUAL EFFORT. SO BE IT! WE DO NOT INTEND TO LOWER OUR STANDARDS TO CONFORM TO THE DUMMY MENTALITY! THE ÆSOP BROS. ARE ABOUT TO MEET MR. HUGHES.

THE ÆSOP BROTHERS, MR. HUGHES...



HELLO, I AM HOWARD HUGHES.



OBVIOUSLY THIS IS CONTINUED!

ONE YEAR AFFAIR

JOIN US NOW AS AMERICA'S SWEETHEARTS CONTEMPLATE THE FUTURE UPON THE RECOVERY OF JILL'S MOM!



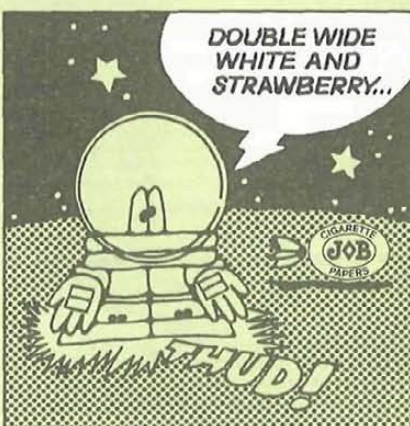
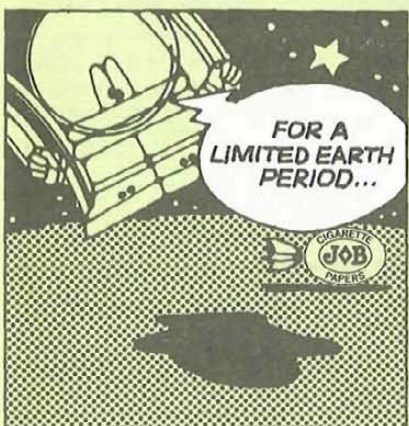
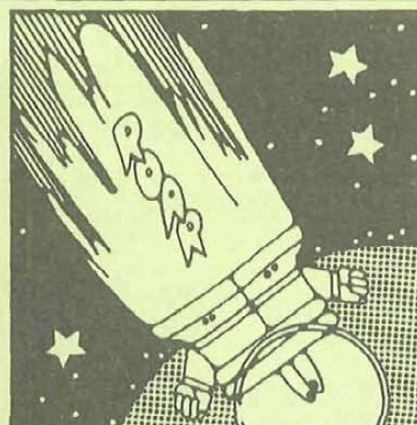
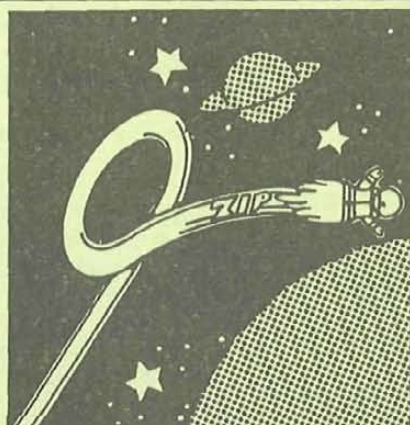
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NEXT: THINKING IT THROUGH

A FAR OUT MESSAGE FROM

SPACE THING

BROUGHT TO YOU BY
ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING COMPANY
CHICAGO



JOB APPLICATION

I certify that I am over 21 years of age

Adams Apple Distributing Company
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2835 N. Sheffield • Chi., Ill. 60657

So, send me my JOB Sample Kit. I enclose my check or money order for \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling.

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Address _____

City _____

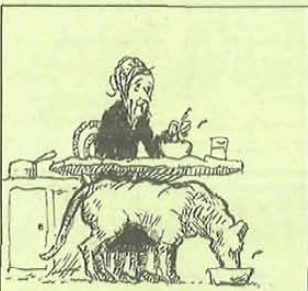
State/Zip _____

Only one sample to a family, please. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Offer good only while supply lasts.

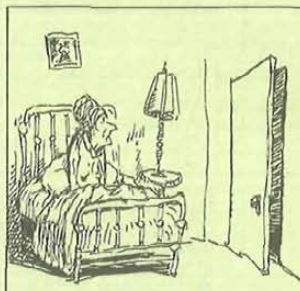
MULE'S DINEIR *by Stan Mack*



MISS GLANDULAR LIVED IN A FOUR-FLIGHT WALK-UP IN THE CITY.



HER ONLY FRIEND WAS A BIG OLD DOG NAMED BLUE.



ONE SATURDAY, BLUE DIDN'T COME INTO THE BEDROOM AS USUAL.



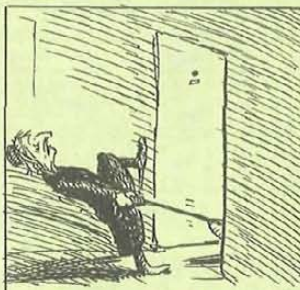
HE DIED OF OLD AGE DURING THE NIGHT.



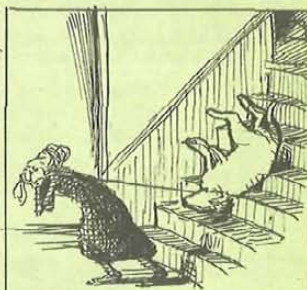
MISS GLANDULAR KNEW SHE HAD TO DO SOMETHING WITH THE BODY.



SHE CALLED THE ASPCA. THEY SAID SHE WOULD HAVE TO BRING THE BODY TO THEM.



SHE PUT ON HER SCARF AND DRAGGED BLUE OUT THE DOOR BY HIS LEASH.



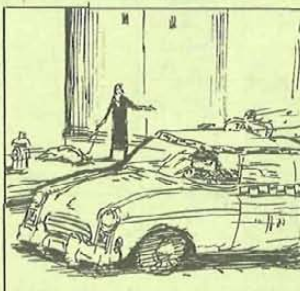
SHE STRUGGLED DOWN THE STAIRS WITH HIM. OUTSIDE, SHE PULLED...



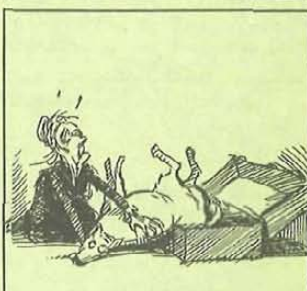
...BLUE TO THE CORNER, UNMINDFUL OF STARES FROM PASSERS-BY.



SHE SET BLUE DOWN AND TRIED TO HAIL A CAB. AS SOON AS...



...THEY SAW THE DOG, THE CABBIES ALL SPED OFF. SHE...



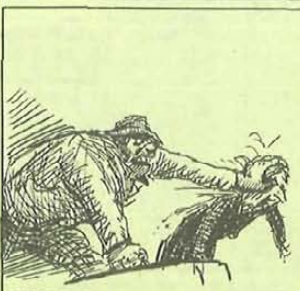
...DRAGGED HIM BACK TO THE APARTMENT AND STUFFED HIM IN A SUITCASE.



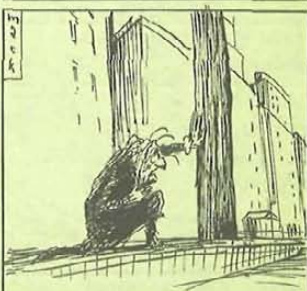
THEN MISS GLANDULAR PULLED THE SUITCASE BACK TO THE CURB.



SHE STOOD AT THE CURB, EXHAUSTED. A LOITERER STARED AT HER.



SUDDENLY, HE KNOCKED HER DOWN, GRABBED THE SUITCASE, AND RAN OFF.



MISS GLANDULAR GOT UP. THE MUGGER AND HER SUITCASE WERE GONE.

after each performance, Peggy anesthetized, surgeons gas-masked. The sleeves were then detonated, producing a puce flash which atomized the toxic fumes. But now, woe betide, the trouble has spread to her nether region, and costumers are at a loss as to what to clothe her in. Enscorning her in a flexible transparent bubble with only her head, hands, and feet showing was an ideal solution, until it was pointed out that a misplaced thrust of her sharp skate might pierce it, resulting in loss of life by asphyxiation to thousands of spectators at the Cow Palace, or somewhere. Poor Peggy. She's so pretty, too.

☛ Multiflamed virginals from Goety, R.I.!!! Loretta Lynn's pill has been stolen! Yes, that's right, and the nappers are asking \$3 million for its return. "Wha, ah scarcely din evn make \$3 million whin ah saying about it," says Loretta, the thirty-two-year-old great-grandmother song-stress. "Ah dunno whut them thievers 'r' thinkin'—pone-brain no-counts t'take a powr gerl's peull, too." When asked why Loretta didn't go to the drugstore vending machine and nickel out some more, she scowled. "Wha, how kud yew ast me t'be so disloyl? 'N' how'm ah spost t'know it ud work good's the wun they stole? Ever tahn I felt lak doon it, ah'd jes stick it up 'ere in-

stead, 'n' ah nevr had no babies 'r nuthin. Sho', it's lak 'n ole freyund." Birdbath felt like smiting her hard across her cheek, but forebore.

☛ Thrilling melodian from Maschalephidrosis, Pa.!! Twenty-one-year-old Karen Ann Quinlan, when interviewed by Birdbath in heaven, spoke out in no uncertain terms about the prolonged litigation over pulling the plug on the respirator that's kept her undead for six months and more. "Pull it! Pull it!" she screamed. "Can you imagine what it's like up here without a body? Nothing to attach your wings to, nothing to hold a harp with. And even when my body does come, I'll be six months ahead of it all the time. The last trumpet will sound and my ears'll have to wait half a year before I can hear it. What will God think! Meanwhile, I'm missing out on all the fucking here, cherubic intercourse 'of membrane, joint or limb,' just like Milton said. Those people down there, they don't realize they're messing around with Eternity. If I were alive and down there, they'd keep that respirator on—believe you me—over my dead body!"

☛ Next month: Birdbath on Depression, Defeat, and Disease—with Carrie Nye and The Duke of Wellington.

R. Bruce Moody



"Hi there! If this bears elements of a déjà vu, allow me to explain . . ."

EROTIC NEW CATALOG

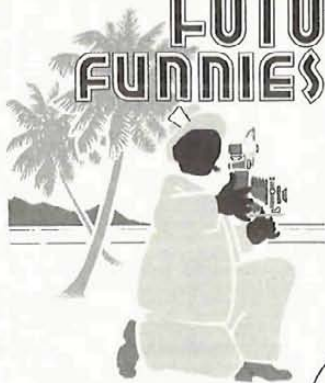
That's right. . . our tantalizing new hi-fi catalog is hot off the press! And more than ever, we offer erotic music systems and single components from all the best brands—at huge discounts. Call me, Brillo Bob, or any of the guys and you'll get friendly advice and low price-quotes right over the phone. . . 805 / 544-9700

Drop us the envelope at left and you'll quickly receive our 96-page color-wonder, free! Include \$1 for postage, and we'll also zip you the 1976 Music Machine Almanac: it's a full-color, 150-page reference guide to hi-fi equipment complete with photos and specs on over 37 different brands! PS. If the envelope's missing, just write me directly: Brillo Bob, P.O. Box "S", San Luis Obispo, CA 93405.

WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.



FOTO FUNNIES



HI, BIG BOSOM FANS. CHRIS MILLER HERE WITH OUR LATEST FOTO FUNNIES CONTEST BULLETIN.



YES, WE'RE STILL LOOKING FOR A NEW FOTO FUNNIES GIRL AND GETTING LOTS OF TASTY PIX IN THE MAIL EACH DAY FROM ALL YOU HOPEFUL CONTESTANTS OUT THERE.



IN FACT, MANY OF YOU ARE DROPPING BY PERSONALLY TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING.



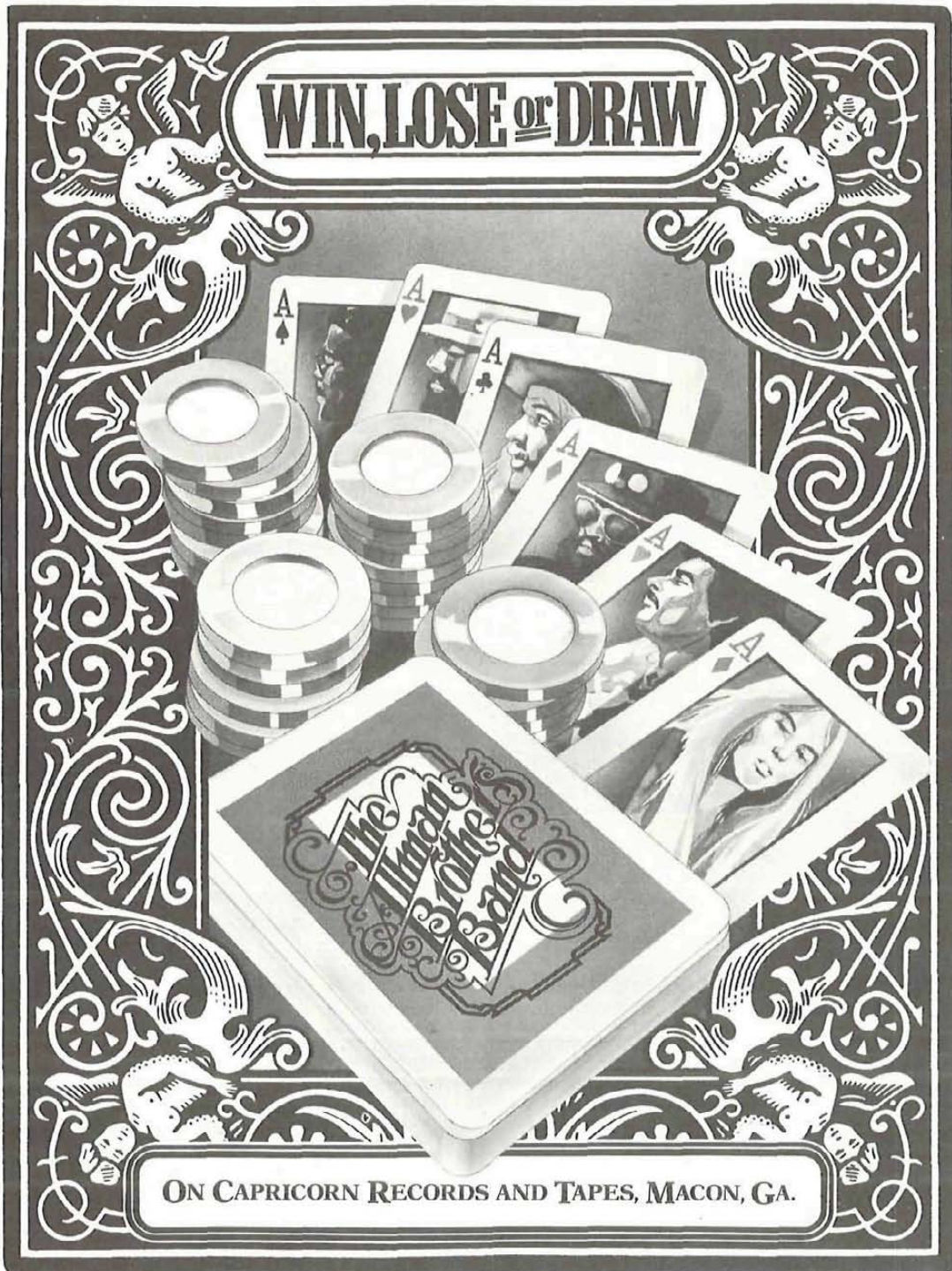
SO MANY SO THAT OUR BOSS, MATTY "ANAL RETENTIVE" SIMMONS, HAS ASKED ME TO BE SURE ALL YOU CONTESTANTS REALIZE...



... THAT THE GRAND PRIZE IN OUR CONTEST IS MERELY THE TITLE, "MISS FOTO FUNNIES." THERE WILL BE ABSOLUTELY NO MONEY!



HEY, WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE POSSIBLE HOLLYWOOD CONTRACTS, THE STATUS ON CAMPUS, THE HIP, GROOVY PEOPLE YOU'LL MEET...



Win, Lose or Draw is all new from the Allman Brothers Band—their first album recording in two years.

Produced by Johnny Sandlin and the Allman Brothers Band for Capricorn Records, Inc., by special arrangement with Phil Walden and Associates, Inc.

Around midnight, the solution came. A little girl from his class in school stepped forward with it.

She first had had to admit to her father a knowledge of the mine shafts, but that once done, her father took her directly to the inspector of the State Police.

She knows where he is in the tunnels, he told him, and she knows of an unsealed entrance!

The inspector immediately bullhorned for the six speleologists that had been flown in, and a thrill went through the crowd, even larger now, that the youngster would soon be out! Spirits were never higher—no less with the boy himself, who was still awake, still cheery. He was a fine young boy, a favorite schoolmate, a Cub, a reader, good looking. Bravery and grace were what was expected of him.

"No," said the little girl. "You cannot send men in there. The floors collapse. Men weigh too much."

They looked at her in disbelief, but with that one look it was obvious she was telling the truth. Her eyes were clear and level and firm. She had her new Christmas mittens on.

"I'll go in. Besides," she said, "I'm the only one who knows the way."

"You'll do nothing of the sort,"

said her father. "You'll be lost. The floor will cave in, too."

"No, Daddy, the floor will not cave in! We've had twenty kids in there at a time. But I've seen five grown men plunge to their deaths at the same places we walked—each at different times. It's the displacement of the weight."

Her father bit down on the silence of sudden education.

"Let another kid go in with her," someone suggested. "Yes," said the local newspaper publisher, "let several." "Let a whole chain of kids go," said a local politician. "A human chain!" cried the TV director, "all carrying candles!" "I will contribute the candles," said a quiet voice. "Wiggins Novelties."

"Wiggins Novelties," he repeated as he jalloped into town to get them, and "Wiggins Novelties," he repeated most distinctly into the mike when he returned with a supply of seventy-five.

So seventy-five children were rounded up, set in line, their candles lit. And their faces, illumined by them in the dark, were like Christmas angels, and happy as the heroes they were all soon to be!

The TV cameras rolled. Mothers raised a tissue to their cheeks; fathers gulped proudly. And the little ones slowly marched into the

mountain, each one holding a lip of the candleholder of the one in front, each one holding that of the one behind. They vanished like a long young centipede, quicker than you might think!

And as the last of them went in, the carolers and the great crowd that had gathered, almost by a sign, and to hearten themselves and those within the mountain, broke into a chorus of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear!"

The TV cameras swung to the crowd on the hill, who sang with such fervor and such brio, swelled by two or three hundred, that it was picked up by all. They sang with power, with hope, with emotion! They sang for all their own lost childhoods. And their song was like a prayer to God!

Indeed, they sang so powerfully that by the time they had reached, "From angels bending near the earth," the earth had bended near the angels, since the reverberations from their parents' singing had caused, if not the floors, at least the walls and ceilings of the tunnels to collapse upon their children, who found themselves touching their harps of gold before the words even left their parents' mouths, for each and every one of them by that time was buried alive, and all just as

Monster Corp. 1975



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NOT A CREEPY IRON-ON (SOFT TO THE TOUCH) QUARANTEED NOT TO CRACK, PEEL OR MAKE YOU SWEAT

THE GREATEST T-SHIRTS THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN



AIRBRUSH DESIGNS BY KELLEY/MOUSE & FRIENDS HANDSCREENED IN FULL COLOR

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T-SHIRT ART DEPICTING THE HISTORY OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN PAINTED BY PAT RYAN

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Nº. 97 - NAVAJO

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ADD \$06 PER ITEM-POSTAGE/HANDLING

ADD \$2.00 SHIPPING AND P&H PER

SHORT SLEEVE NEW-ON-PATCH-3.99

T-SHIRT-4.99

LADIES LONG FULL-COLOR

SLEEVE TOPS-9.99 CATALOG-75

quick as a wink!

A Christmas Toast



here was no food in the house, not a crumb. Even the rats had rickets and had gone. Bare shelves, bare jars. Not a bean. The

little girl looked at her mother with vast, hunger-drawn eyes.

The mother smiled at her and said, "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going out and get a pretty duck to eat. After all, what is Christmas without a duck?" And she put on her old shawl and, coughing severally, made her way out into the forbidding night.

The little girl sighed and sat. Where would her mother get a duck? She must have been delirious. Hunger did that.

She'd best not think about the duck, and to divert her thoughts from it, she turned her attention to the bare shelves, and her eyes ranged along them until she came to the electric toaster above the sink, when a thought occurred to her.

There might be some burnt crumb in the bottom of it, a piece of charred crust—anything, and,

quick as can be, she hopped off her chair, dragged it to the sink, climbed up on it, and, standing in the sink, reached for the toaster and was electrocuted and fell down dead.

And there she lay—to be found by her widowed and starving mother who, when she opened that wooden door and took off her shawl, would find—oh, saddest of scenes!—*thank God* she was spared it!

The mother wasn't coming back anyhow.

Candlelight Service



ne of the uncles, portly and rubicund—Uncle Will is his name, a family favorite, loved of all—sleeps off the roast and the winey trifle.

In the castle drawing room, his little nephews and nieces amiably squabble over the toys which it is his yearly visit to bestow, and to remove himself a little apart from that mild din, he has betaken himself to a baronial chair in the reception hall that stands beneath a vast, thick white candle, burning steadily and supplying the only illumination to the dark mirrors and

lofty Lawrences of his retreat.

There he sits, perfectly visible in the soft light of the great white candle. For indeed, the door to the drawing room is open, and the youngsters and their parents, should they fondly look up from the cheery climate of the fire that crackles amid the little ones' altercations, might see dear old Uncle Will carefully remove a cambric handkerchief from his cuff and place it over his eyes—these already closed in a head propped back for repose.

His face is hot and flushed. And, poor lamb, he has taken perhaps a touch too much of the red, so that in the sort of slumber into which he soon sinks, he does not notice that his face has presently grown cooler by the lifting of the light monogrammed counterpane which had covered it as a guard against the light, and which is now wafted to the floor by one of his beneficent snores.

Nor does he feel soon and subsequently his face to have grown hotter by the emendation of a drop of hot white wax.

His head is leaning against the scone. He does not notice that either. He does not notice because he is insensible now to hot or cold, or touch or sound, for dear Uncle Will, as is his wont on these occa-

continued on page 116



INTRODUCTION TO HIGH FIDELITY

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A couple of weeks ago, I pick up this guy and girl in front of the Plaza and the girl says, "Take us to Beverly Hills. We'll give you the directions from there." I says, stop the shit, Beverly Hills is in California. She says she knows where it is—that's where they want to go. And don't forget to put the meter down. I said, "Wait a fucking minute... you want me to take you to California by cab? What the fuck is this? 'Candid Camera'? Stop busting my hump and tell me where you really want to go. I don't have all day. I got a lot of fares to pick up." So the girl fishes around in her bag and comes up with a big hunk of bills, all hundreds, and pushes them into my coin slot. "Will some of these change your mind?" she asks. It's at least three, four grand. I said, "Honey, if the meter's down the company couldn't care less where I go. I could go to Australia for all they give a shit. If you're ready to pay, I'm ready to drive."

I turn around to see what kind of crazies I got in the back of my cab. The guy is tall and skinny with long blond hair like a girl. He looks like he's asleep with his eyes open. The girl has long black hair and a lot of scarf around her head and sunglasses but I still recognize her through the disguise. It's Cher. She's afraid to fly, she said. Trains

continued on page 111



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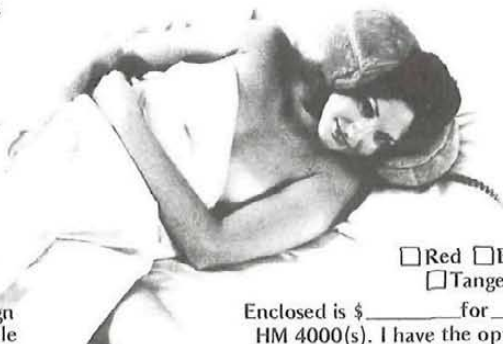
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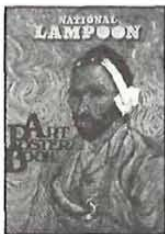
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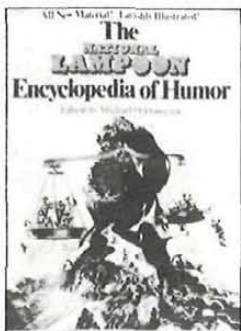
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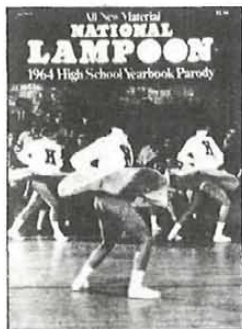
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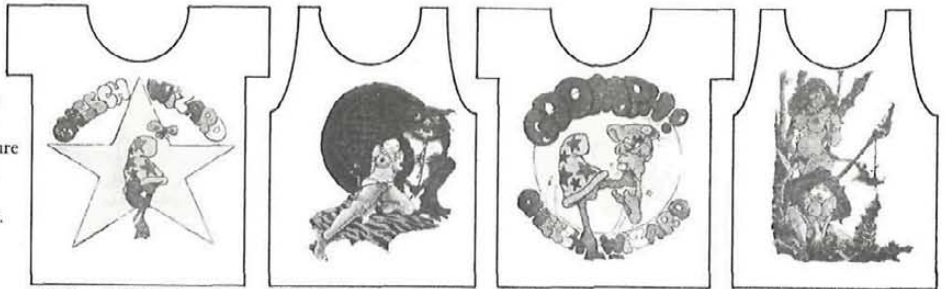


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My Meter Is Running

continued from page 104

and buses are a drag and she thought it would be fun to take a cab all the way to L.A. She loves to ride in cabs. Of course, all expenses for the trip would be paid by her or her husband, who is the big lox nodding out next to her. His name is Greg something or other and he's supposed to be a big singer, too. He looked like a big piece of shit to me. Mostly he slept all the way to California. Once in a while he would wake up and mumble some shit and then go back to his deep freeze. Did a lot of farting in his sleep.

So off we went. The first day we make good time and we got all the way to Indiana—Kokomo, Indiana, where we check into a Holiday Inn for the night. I register in one room and Cher and the lox register in another under a fake name, so nobody will recognize them—Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mousse. That's supposed to be a joke, like a French Mickey Mouse. I didn't get it. Anyway, I'm really knocked out from driving all day and all I want to do is get some sleep, so I'm really pissed off when there's a knock on my door. Must be the desk clerk with the tits, I figured. She was giving me hot looks when I signed in. Out of town girls, when they see a guy from New York, they go crazy. But it was Cher. She wants to rap with me, whatever the fuck that means. I thought rap meant getting a rap in the mouth, like a punch. It meant she wanted to talk to me. Son of a bitch bastard... it couldn't wait till morning. When those fucking big stars want something, they want it now, not in the morning. They're used to getting their own way.

So I let her in, and to tell you the truth, I almost didn't recognize her. This'll give you an idea of what show business is really about. You want to know what Cher really looks like? First of all, she's a Negro. That's why she always looks so tan. Second of all, she's only four-and-a-half feet tall. Third of all, she wears a wig. Right. All that long black hair is what we call an "elevator wig"... builds up the height. She wears the wig and her specially built up shoes and she's five-seven. Then you add the makeup, the eyes, the lips, etc., and the way the camera and the lighting works, and bingo, you got what we call a "package." It's no big deal. Most of the big stars are put together like that. That's why they look so perfect. Raquel Welch... Mary Tyler Moore... did you know Mary Tyler Moore has artificial legs? You'd never know it by looking at her. And Carol Burnett is

actually a fantastically beautiful broad that they have to make up to look ugly. Cher told me all this later when we were in California.

Anyway, here's this tiny little girl, not bad looking, even without the hair and the makeup, and she's very nervous, shaking all over. What's the matter, booby? I ask. I feel a little fatherly toward her, even though I can see under her little nightgown that she's got a few things going for her, four feet tall or not.

She sits on the edge of my bed and starts to cry. It seems that her husband woke up from one of his deep freezes and tried to grab her and fuck her and she ran out of the room. I didn't quite understand her behavior. After all, he's still her hus-


band. When I asked why she ran out, she looks very embarrassed. "I'm still a virgin," she said. "My husband scares the hell out of me when he wakes up from his deep freezes and behaves like a gorilla. Besides, he's never seen me in my real state. He thinks I'm five-seven and have long hair."

Jesus! What is it with these big stars? Either they fuck like jungle bunnies or they live like nuns. It seems that she didn't have any sex with Sonny, either. Sonny didn't do any sex. And he was even smaller than she was—three feet nine when his hair and shoes came off.


The reason why she's a virgin is she's sort of afraid of men's penises, she said. Something about them

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
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My Meter Is Running

continued

really spooks her. They're ugly and funny looking and when they get big and hard they're disgusting. Her new husband has one that looks like a cop's nightstick, she said. Only it's white. Every time he comes after her with his nightstick, she runs out of the room. She's a much faster runner than he is.

My God, what if she ever sees mine? I thought. She'll go into a coma. So I tried to calm her down. Y'know... hold her hand, talk to her nice, tell her how beautiful and talented she is, all the usual bullshit. She ate it up. Before I knew it she was snuggled up next to me and kissing me and giving me a hot tongue bath. "Even if I am a virgin, I still know a few things," she said.

I said, "Cher, you're a sweet, wonderful girl... but you're playing with fire. Don't start getting me hot and bothered, because you know what'll happen." But she couldn't stop. She was starting to get crazy for me.

I said, "Cher, look what you're doing to me. Look down below my belt." She looked down and nearly fainted when she saw the boner I was getting. It was past my knee and still growing. "You don't want me to stick *that* into you, do you?" I said.

"Somehow I wouldn't be as afraid with you," she said. "You're the only man I really dig."

"Well, maybe there's a way to overcome your fears," I said. "There's no law that says you have to be fucked by something you're scared of. What is it that you like best in the world?"

"Clothes," she said.

"What else?"

"Food is nice."

"What's your favorite food?"

"Vanilla fudge ice cream is my most tippy-top favorite food."

"O.K.... what if my cock was just a big hunk of vanilla fudge ice cream. Would you let it fuck you?"

"Wow! I'll bet I would!" she said.

So we ordered a gallon of vanilla fudge ice cream and the idea was that I would stick my joint into the stuff and pack it around the old cark until all you saw was a big rod of ice cream. But as I was doing it, I realized that vanilla fudge was the wrong flavor. By the time I got my shlong in and moved it around her hole the ice cream would get too mushy and fudgy. I needed a flavor that had better penetrating qualities. I figured it would have to be a flavor with nuts in it.

"Sweetie... I know you like vanilla fudge, but you'll have to be

satisfied with butter pecan or maple walnut or something if we're going to get the job done," and I explained why. So I got some butter pecan and applied it carefully to my joint, making sure the nuts were prominent, so I could maybe penetrate the wall. And I had to do the whole thing very fast, because any ice cream flavor will melt, especially when it's inside a warm cunt.

When Cher saw my big butter pecan of a lob, she was hypnotized. She was begging me for it. Of course, I also had to be gentle. Fast, but gentle. I told her not to worry because even though the ice cream was hard it wouldn't hurt her because it's also very cold. It'll work like novocaine and make her nice and numb inside. So I got her hot and moved my butter pecan into her tiny little flue. The shock of the ice cream made her cry out, but she got used to it fast. At least it covered my big ugly tool.

Well, the whole thing took about a minute and a half, and she came sixteen times. There was no mess at all, except for a little melted ice cream. And I did all this while my poor shlvance was freezing and shrinking inside all that coldness. Luckily, even when it's shrinking, it's five times bigger than anyone else's.

Naturally, once Cher got a taste of it, she couldn't get enough. Except it always had to be with ice cream. After a while, it didn't matter what kind. By the time we got to California, we must have tried every fucking Baskin & Robbins flavor, every Howard Johnson's, every fucking brand in the country. After a while, my cock felt like a Popsicle. Cher was so fucking grateful that she invited me to stay at her place for as long as I wanted. That's when I met all her friends—all those fucking movie stars. I'll tell you about that in a minute. I just want to stop at this station and gas up.

This is the first installment of a two-part story. Part two will appear next month. □

SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO
THE CASE OF THE BARKING DEATH!

1 SCUMBO CASTLE
2 THREE NEW ARRIVALS
3 THREE NEW GRAVES
4 WOOF WOOF
WILL THIS TALE CONTINUE?

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"I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair"

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

Believe Me, It Works.

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get



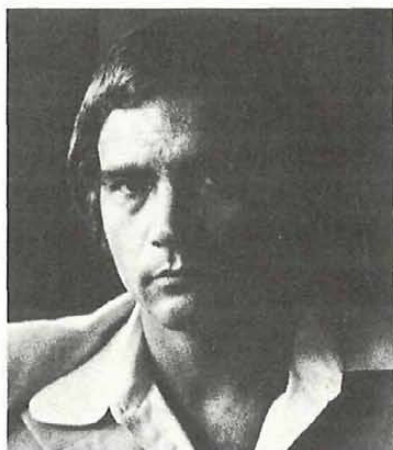
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

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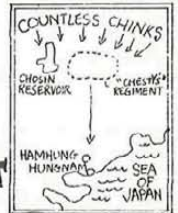
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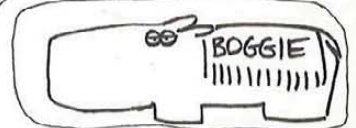
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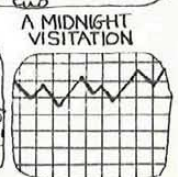
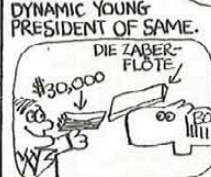
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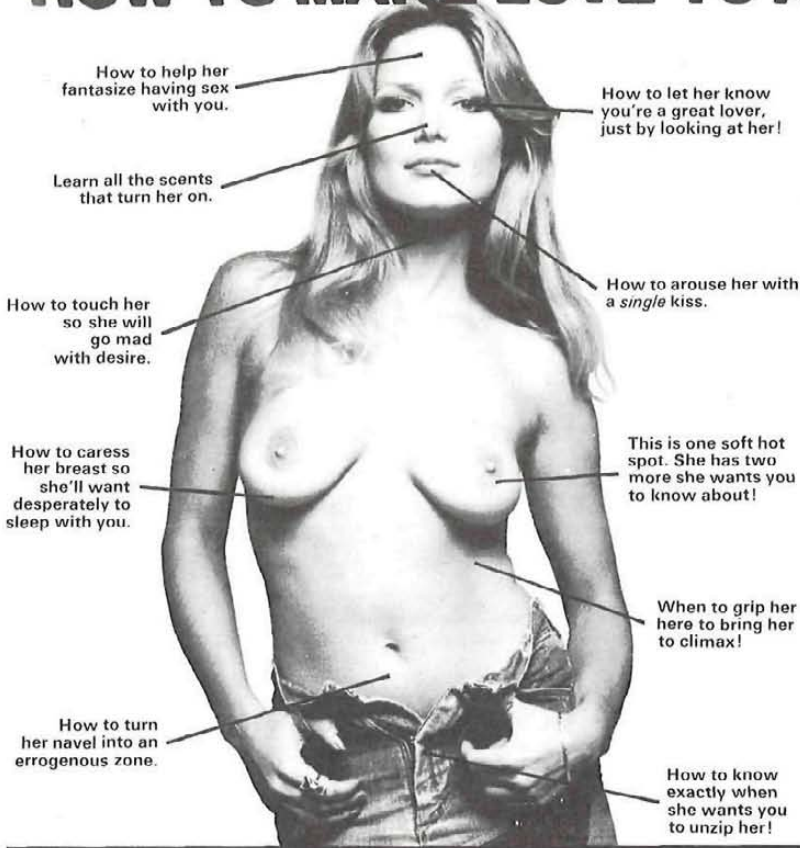
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PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY!



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sions—and much to the patient amusement and fond forbearance of his family—has “passed out.”

So he does not feel the white wax as, drip by drip, it replaces the white handkerchief upon his face, or sense how the wax covers it with a smooth white mask. And, at least in any eye of his fond family in the next room which might glance this way, as they occasionally do, looking up to see him and, smiling tenderly to one another and with a shake of a head and a tongue in a cheek, returning then to their simple pleasures, the wax looks just like the white handkerchief!

Drop by drop the wax runs on him. Over the eyes it runs, over the jolly, veined cheek.

It flows into the little white moustache.

It holds to his jaw; it forms a solid and pleasing sheet over the orifices of his ears.

It adheres to his jowls and drapes itself from the chin of that face thrown back as though to receive it.

It slowly fills the crevice of his lips and seals them, and after a time, it builds up on his moustache so that his little round nostrils are quite stopped, as by a cold.

The candle continues to burn steadily, flickering ever so slightly, perhaps from the draught which moves past it toward the chimney fire which burns steadily too in the drawing room beyond the French doors. All is sweet with the children this Christmas, all their gifts were good; their arguments have abated. The light of happy hearts glows steadily too and with scarcely a flicker as well.

It is that this point that Uncle Will realizes that he has stopped snoring—no, not because he has stopped hearing, for which of us can hear his own snores?—but because in the final subduement of asphyxiation, life, as well as consciousness of life, reasserts itself in him, and, blinded though he outwardly is and lost to sense, inward sense does tell him exactly that he is dying and exactly how.

He cannot see. He cannot cry out. Wildly he waves his arms, knowing their agitated movements, visible in the candlelight, will summon those in full sight of him in the next room.

And indeed the sudden wavering of the candlelight in the next room does cause them to look up.

However, by the time they do, as though killed by killing what was killing him, the waving of his arms had caused the candle to go out, his and its, and all they see in the next room is dark, still, and serene. □

Christmas at the Orphanage



cold wind brushes the white fields.

But although its hand is cold, its heart must be warm—for it is Christmas day!—that day of days of all the year!—and the wind itself seems to urge toward their happy destination two orange busloads of little red-cheeked and bright-eyed orphans.

To the annual orphanage Christmas party they go. Hurrah! Given in the festooned and festal parish hall. Hurray! Presents await them, seasonal dances, and succulent stuffed birds. So the white wind dances along with the buses across the snowy fields, whose hummocks seem to lie like noses beneath fresh sheets.

The two busloads do not move along the same road, however, for they come from separate points. The orphanage is divided into male and female children, all under twelve, and they live in dormitories a mile apart. Now they come together.

So from either side of that vast landscape those two orange buses move toward the apex of the Y-pointed road that will take them toward the hall of their recreation—as a little child recreated the world this day, and as each year this day recreates the world!

So, the girls ride along in one bus, and a mile away—or less now—the boys ride along in the other. They are all dressed identically in starched white middies with great red satin bows at their necks, and are wrapped in warm capes of fir-green wool with tartan tams above.

But lo! What do we behold? In the bus with these little girl children there sits—like a presiding god and guide of this day's festivities—a jovial and well-rounded Santa Claus!—a red and white island amid the green-cloaked children.

We, who are jaded with disbelief, are paradoxically the best suited to relish the delight with which his sallies and japes are received by the small ones, and how, being convent-pent and conserved from the sardonic uses of this world, each child even to twelve believes in him. And not just in Santa Claus,

And not just in Mrs. Santa Claus—for she it is who rides in the other bus, entertaining the boys and leading them in many a carol and round which rise now in the clean wind to join with those rising from

the bus with Santa and the girls—not really so very far off now.

The buses are of that curious citrus color that might resemble in the brilliant air two fiery meteors. Or if that is a poor comparison, as no doubt it is, rather resemble those oranges which each of these little ones has found at the bottom of his Christmas stocking that morning, with toys and taffy and tricks, supplied by charitable neighbors, and filled by the softly moving sisterhood, who, sparing their own sleep while the little ones sleep, placed them on the foot of each dormitory bed as its occupant dreamed of what we all know children dream of on Christmas eve.

For this was not a poor or stinting parish. Nor this a cruel and beadle-ridden orphanage. Nay, but rather, granting the sorrow of loss of parents, combined with indigence, theirs was rather a life richer than mere solace—a childhood healthy, clean, and merry.

They believed in God.

The two buses crashed into one another where the roads joined, and amid the complete debris it was discovered that

a) all the orphans had survived.

But Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus were dead.

or

b) all the orphans were dead. But Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus had survived.

or

c) _____.

(Fill in your own ending for a special prize drawn from either: (a) Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus's insurance policies; or (b) the unopened presents of the orphans.)

Virgin Mild



he tree was all decorated, and the little girl, Virginia, and her mother were waiting in the living room for him to come when the jingle of the telephone brought the news.

The mother put the phone down slowly.

She went over and put little Virginia in her lap and told her as gently as possible what it was foolish to postpone—that Daddy had just been killed in an airplane crash.

The little girl looked up at her mother with large, lambent eyes.

Then she gently cuddled up and rested her head on her mother's shoulder.

“Oh, mother, then there is a Santa Claus after all,” she said. □

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